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Mother Teresa, RIP

Women in Combat — Kate O'Beirne v. G.I. Jane

NATIONAL REVIEW

THE TRANSFIGURATION OF DIANA

The Making Of a New-Age Saint

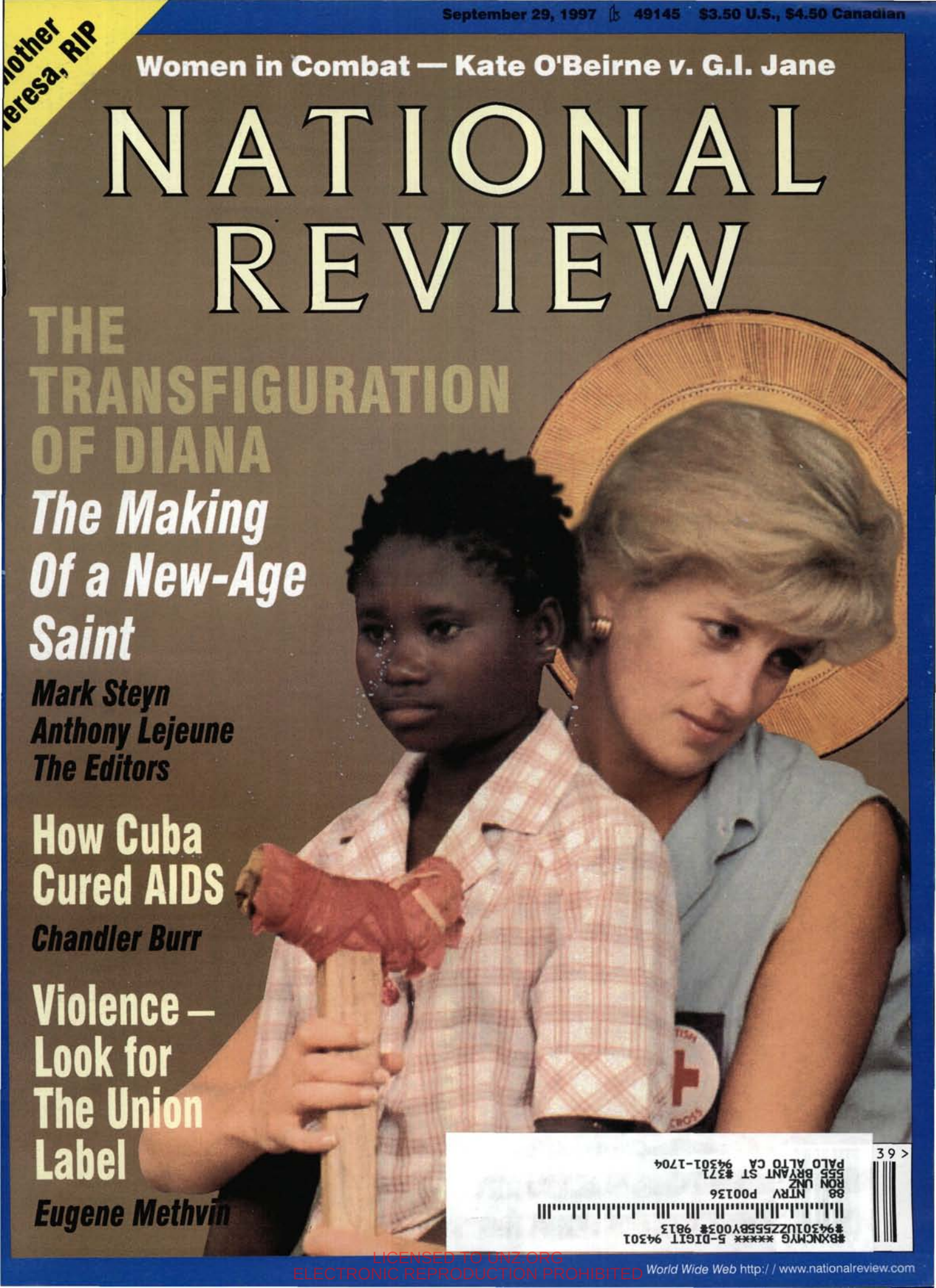
Mark Steyn
Anthony Lejeune
The Editors

How Cuba Cured AIDS

Chandler Burr

Violence — Look for The Union Label

Eugene Methvin



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NATIONAL REVIEW

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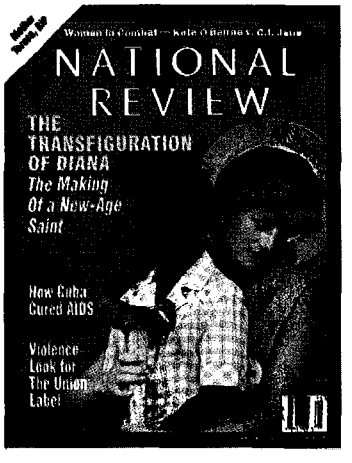

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LETTERS

Not So Neo

Reading Rupert Murdoch's "The New Socialism" [Sept. 1] was a very satisfying experience. At the end of nearly every paragraph I found myself saying, "I knew that!" I was reminded of a much despised, myopic, reactionary TV commentator who over thirty years ago used the term "new socialism" to describe what the dominant political leadership of the time was doing to this country. He explained that under the "old socialism" the government/people owned all capital and means of production and everyone shared equally in the successes *and* failures of all economic activities. Under the "new socialism," however, the government /people do not own the capital and means of production; they merely own the right to appropriate as much of the profits of any successful entrepreneurial effort as they choose while telling those who try and fail: "Tough. It's no skin off our teeth."

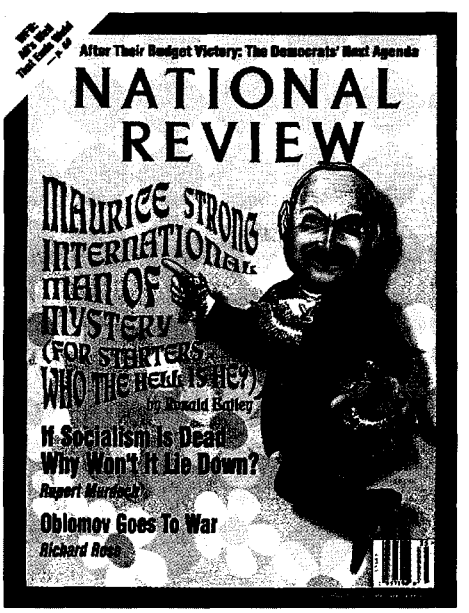
The commentator was our own Sen. Jesse Helms. Welcome to the party, Mr. Murdoch, but it's almost over. Too many of the Republicans have already gone to the White House for a decaff fix.

Charles R. Keadle
Cary, N.C.

Mr. Murdoch is correct in his assessment of the "neosocialism" that socialism has become. Today's business owners are more like division managers of a giant corporation, with daily "memos" (laws) from "headquarters" (Washington) providing direction for the "division." After all, as Mr. Murdoch points out, the government regulates virtually every aspect of every business, and when the profits come in, we all know who gets paid first. The government runs "its" businesses much as George Steinbrenner runs his Yankees—lots of micromanaging, and first dibs on any profits. So why is Steinbrenner called an owner, but the government is not? Maybe paying taxes entitles one to be called an owner. Maybe the government prefers the role of silent partner, all the better to avoid blame when trouble arrives. Are General Motors, Ford, and Chrysler (and the Yankees, and any other business) really anything more than subsidiaries of the U.S. Government? Remember when the "parent" company stepped in and saved a badly faltering Chrysler? Indeed, when you look at it that way, "neosocialism" looks more and more like the old socialism we've known all along.

Russell Fortney
Odenton, Md.

Thank you for Mr. Murdoch's thoughtful and entertaining piece on the New Class. It raises the question who the real enemies of our civilization are. On the one hand there are the social-issues liberals, like Clinton. On the other hand there are the chameleon-like champions of the New Class—like Clinton—who are leading us toward a bureaucratic autocracy in the name of a secular Utopia. In almost every case these two groups are represented by the same people. E.g., liberal Republicans like Gov. Christie Whitman and former Gov. Bill



Weld tend to favor tax increases rather than spending cuts, as do "fiscally conservative" social liberals like Ross Perot, when push comes to shove.

Walter F. Kailey
Broomfield, Colo.

We're Bad Too!

Among the errors in Steve Sailer's "Hysteria, His and Hers" [Sept. 1] is his assertion that "if we know anything about sex abuse, we know it's a solitary male crime, not something women do . . ." While it gives me no pleasure to acknowledge it, women do sexually abuse children, although at rates far lower than men, and sometimes because they are forced to by men. Mr. Sailer might want to read the widely discussed memoir by former American University president Richard Berendzen, about being sexually abused by his mother, and *Female Sexual Abuse of Children*, edited by Michelle Elliott, among other research, before making any more assertions.

Lynn Hecht Schafran
Director, National Judicial Education Program to Promote Equality for Women and Men in the Courts
New York, N.Y.

Mrs. Schafran truncated my sentence to make it sound as if I meant that women never, ever committed child sex abuse, leaving off ". . . especially not in groups." Obviously, I was generalizing. Mrs. Schafran painstakingly insists, in effect, that the child-molester glass is not about 95 per cent empty of women, but is instead 5 per cent full. This perfectly illustrates how the prevailing anti-sexist mindset, with its phobia about sexual stereotypes, helped jail so many innocent female day-care workers during the Satanic-abuse witch-hunts. In my experience, young women who take minimum-wage jobs in order to care for toddlers are, on average, among the least evil people on earth. Thus, these cases' fundamental assumption that all over America young ladies were teaming up to commit unspeakable crimes against little kids always struck me, but tragically too few others, as utterly implausible. —SS

Won't You Be My Neighbor?

Jorge Amselle's "State 'Hood" [Aug. 11] actually made me laugh out loud. Trying to position Puerto Rico as a potential source of "terrorism" against the United States, he had to flash back more than forty years to find an incident. Is Mr. Amselle seriously implying that if there were to be a referendum which the *Independistas* knew from the start they would lose, they would want to demonstrate their "forty years of improved aim"? Does he really believe that "Puerto Rico is the leading source of domestic terrorism" in the U.S.? Is Timothy McVeigh an *Independista*? What about the threat to New York City subways or the shooting at the Empire State Building? Also, according to Mr. Amselle, the greatest concern among Puerto Ricans is "maintaining their language and their culture," and their attitude toward English is "best described as hostile." As proof, he quotes a member of the teachers union saying: "I will refuse to teach in English." To be bilingual is not a denial of history.

Like it or not, English has become the *lingua franca* of the world. Puerto Ricans can learn English growing up. Can you deny that this is a great advantage in a global economy? It's cute to say that Con-

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gress would "better be occupied discussing the ceding of Puerto Rico to Spain." But the U.S. *took* Puerto Rico. Ipso facto, it assumed responsibility for the island and its people. It has an obligation to give them fair and thoughtful treatment.

Maisie Robinson Mende
New York, N.Y.

Since my arrival in the U.S. in 1961 (paying taxes since '62, naturalized in '67) I must have missed the referendum wherein U.S. citizens voted on whether they want the Puerto Ricans to join them. When was the referendum and what were the results? When will we have a say in who is allowed into the Union and whether we wish to accept into our midst a country where most are on the dole?

Our representatives should give citizens the right to be heard before admitting new ones and giving them preferential treatment. Republicans have to realize that welfare bums vote Democratic for self-preservation. Our legislators have the right to shoot themselves in the foot but not when they maim us in the process.

Henry G. Lustig
Gold Beach, Ore.

I enjoyed Mr. Amselle's article and believe I have the perfect solution. Allow Clinton to apologize for the Spanish–American War, and, as a measure of our sincerity, we can give Puerto Rico back to Spain.

Charles W. Pearce
cpearce@fast.net

Terrorist activity from the Independistas *continued unabated as recently as ten years ago when the last of the* Macheteros *were jailed. However, a real terrorist threat still exists on and off the island. There is, in fact, a growing movement among Puerto Ricans to declare those in jail for terrorist activities political prisoners and have them released. I agree that the U.S. has an obligation to the people of Puerto Rico, but their interests must not be allowed to trump those of the U.S., and this obligation does not mean that we owe the island statehood, or even that statehood is in anyone's best interest. Making Puerto Rico independent would not be unprecedented —the U.S. captured Cuba and the Philippines in the Spanish–American War and made both independent later.*

Thanks to the U.S.'s establishing a welfare state in Puerto Rico, Puerto Ricans have illegitimacy rates of over 60 per cent and higher rates of public dependency than any state in the Union. An independent Puerto Rico would suffer short-term welfare-withdrawal pains, but would be able to establish a true free-market economy that would foster economic prosperity. —JA

Review in Disorder?

As a lonely conservative academic, veteran of Vietnam and of a tenure war at Berkeley, Pulitzer Prize–winning historian, and subscriber to NATIONAL REVIEW since 1978, I was dismayed to see my *Promised Land, Crusader State: The American Encounter with the World since 1776* harshly reviewed by Jeffrey Gedmin ["New World Disorder," Sept. 1]. Reviewers of all persuasions have found my book a learned, provocative, witty, and timely reappraisal of U.S. diplomatic history and an excellent starting point for our post–Cold War debate. By contrast, Mr. Gedmin made the history that encompasses 90 per cent of the book sound unbearably dry, the better to spare readers from the nefarious influence he obviously fears my book may have on their thinking about future (hypothetical) foreign-policy issues.

To achieve this, he surrounded no fewer than thirty of my words and phrases with what often appear to be "scare quotes" and introduced them with such phrases as "McDougall wants," "McDougall tells us," and "McDougall contends," thereby warning the reader: Watch out. He then carelessly or willfully misrepresented my conclusions, asserting that McDougall thinks "values do not matter in American foreign policy." In fact, a major contention of the book is that debates over U.S. policy from Washington's Farewell Address to the League of Nations to Containment to Clinton's Enlargement have *not* been simple contests between "realism" and "idealism" or "isolationism" and "internationalism" but rather complex disputes over which principles best served American interests and values alike. I also make a lengthy historical case for dropping tendentious labels such as "realist" and "isolationist" from our national discourse. Yet Mr. Gedmin perversely labels me a "realist" but not an "isolationist."

He then states that in my view "the values of foreign regimes have no bearing" on their relations with the United States. This is false. My critique of the "crusader" ethos in U.S. diplomacy simply questions the degree to which America possesses the resources, wisdom, and right to impose its own values abroad. He then concludes that the book "rings hollow" because its treatment of Reagan is "skimpy." But the introduction, conclusion, and chapter titles make abundantly clear that the book is an essay on the eight traditions in U.S. foreign relations, not a comprehensive narrative. So Reagan did not receive more attention for the same reason FDR did not: he was not the author of a new tradition.

Finally—and I believe this lies at the root of much confusion among conservatives today—Mr. Gedmin is wrong to damn me for ignoring what he calls "Reagan's crusading foreign policy." In fact, the Reagan team was exceptionally prudent in its promotion of democratic values (intervening abroad fewer times in eight years than Clinton in four), pursued a tough-minded strategy in the tradition of containment and rollback, and understood that the true power of Wilsonianism was as a rhetorical weapon and not as a utopian model for new world orders. The Reaganites had even less use for foreign aid and statebuilding, the other arrows in the crusader's quiver. Yet when I cite Johnson's Vietnam strategy, Carter's assaults on U.S. allies, and Clinton's foreign adventures as examples of the sort of hubris conservatives ought to denounce, Mr. Gedmin accuses me of mere "caricature." To do so is to caricature the book.

I have not complained about a review in over twenty years, and tend to ascribe criticism or misunderstanding to my own failure to express myself clearly. But in this instance I hold the critic responsible for a review that is most gently described as callow.

Walter A. McDougall
University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia, Pa.

Strong Land Protection Needed

Ronald Bailey's "Who Is Maurice Strong?" [Sept. 1] is an apt discussion of the threats to American sovereignty posed by several United Nations environmental initiatives. Not mentioned is another UN boondoggle, the "Man and Biosphere" program, used to designate hundreds of ecosystems as "UN Biosphere Reserves"—47 of which are in the United States. That means that about fifty million acres of U.S. soil are within reserves established without any authorization from Congress.

Should the Convention on Biological Diversity lead to binding international commitments for plant and animal habitat preservation, the existing UN Biosphere Reserve System will be the most likely means of implementing these commitments. In fact, U.S. agreement to such a treaty, coupled with a moderate expansion of U.S. biosphere reserves, would truly let the UN make land-use policy for the United States. This is one reason I introduced the American Land Sovereignty Protection Act, which requires congressional case-by-case approval of any UN land designation within the United States.

Rep. Don Young (R., Alaska)
Washington, D.C.

Correction

Alexander Volokh ["Pruning the FDA," Aug. 11] regrets having identified G. D. Searle as the maker of Bayer aspirin, which is, of course, made by Bayer. —KR

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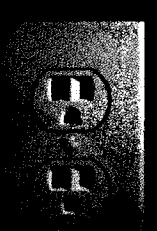

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FROM THE EDITOR

Diana the Hunted

■ In this issue, we cover the deaths (and lives) of Princess Diana, Mother Teresa, and Viktor Frankl. The first two names are household words, the third is that of a Viennese psychologist who survived the Nazi death camps to argue that Man has a drive for meaning in life as rooted as his appetite for food, sex, and so on.

Frankl thought that belief in God was the surest source of such meaning, followed by love, and then by commitment to work. He himself survived in the camps by keeping before his mind the image of his young wife (who, unbeknownst to him, had perished). This persuaded him, he later said, that Freud's reduction of love to sublimated sexual desire was pernicious nonsense.

Love in Frankl's book, however, is not the easy sentimentality of our present culture. It requires sacrifice—as in one case (which I quote from memory) of a patient suicidal after his wife's death.

"Perhaps it would have been better if you had died first," Frankl said in response to his expressions of despair.

"Oh no, doctor," replied the patient. "We had been together so long. We depended on each other completely. She would have been lost, distraught."

In that case, Frankl explained, his own unhappiness was the price of avoiding a worse distress for his wife. The patient's pain now had meaning. It did not cease to be painful, but it did cease to be pointless and so became endurable.

■ Frankl's "logotherapy" has been out of fashion since the 1960s. But it is confirmed by the lives of Mother Teresa and Princess Diana—and, to some degree, by the world-wide public grief at the latter.

Many readers will think *NR* mistaken in giving greater coverage to Princess Diana than to Mother Teresa. That does not mean we hold the Princess's life to be more worthy—merely more newsworthy in the light of that grief.

Mother Teresa found meaning in life by worshipping God, indeed by obeying Christ's counsel of perfection. She devoted her life to the poor. There were no great contradictions in her character; she had the simplicity of goodness. And she held the world (*viz.*, you and me) to the high standards of Christian love.

All of these qualities militate against popularity because, like Frankl's advice to his patient, they demand sacrifice.

Diana's popularity was due partly to her being a more ambiguous figure—not least in *NR*, where she has a champion in Anthony Lejeune (page 28) and a critic in Mark Steyn (page 38).

She found the demands of duty and tradition too hard to bear—maybe they had lost meaning for her—in competition with the quest for an ever-elusive personal happiness. But she found, perhaps to her surprise, that she had the power to make *others* happy by charitable work and small acts of personal kindness (not all in front of the cameras).

In the end, she was—and is—loved for being wronged and sad as much as for being beautiful and kind. The cult of Diana the Hunted derives some of its power from being undemanding. It speaks to our sense of victimhood at least as much as to our compassion. It is evoked by, but cannot answer, Man's search for meaning.

But the Princess and her cult are different things. Let us recall that Mother Teresa said of her: "She helped me help the poor and that's the most beautiful thing." It is not a bad epitaph—and an excellent card of introduction.

■ Letters suggest that media bias remains a topic of great interest to readers. So you may wish to know that the Fox News Channel has a regular media show—*Fox Newswatch*—hosted by Eric Breindel and starring, among others, yours truly. It is shown at 7:00 P.M. on Saturday and at 9:00 A.M. on Sunday. *NR* addicts can therefore watch Kate O'Beirne on Saturday night and me on Sunday morning. I recommend an Alsatian Gewürtztraminer with Kate and a spicy California Zinfandel with me.

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

NATIONAL REVIEW

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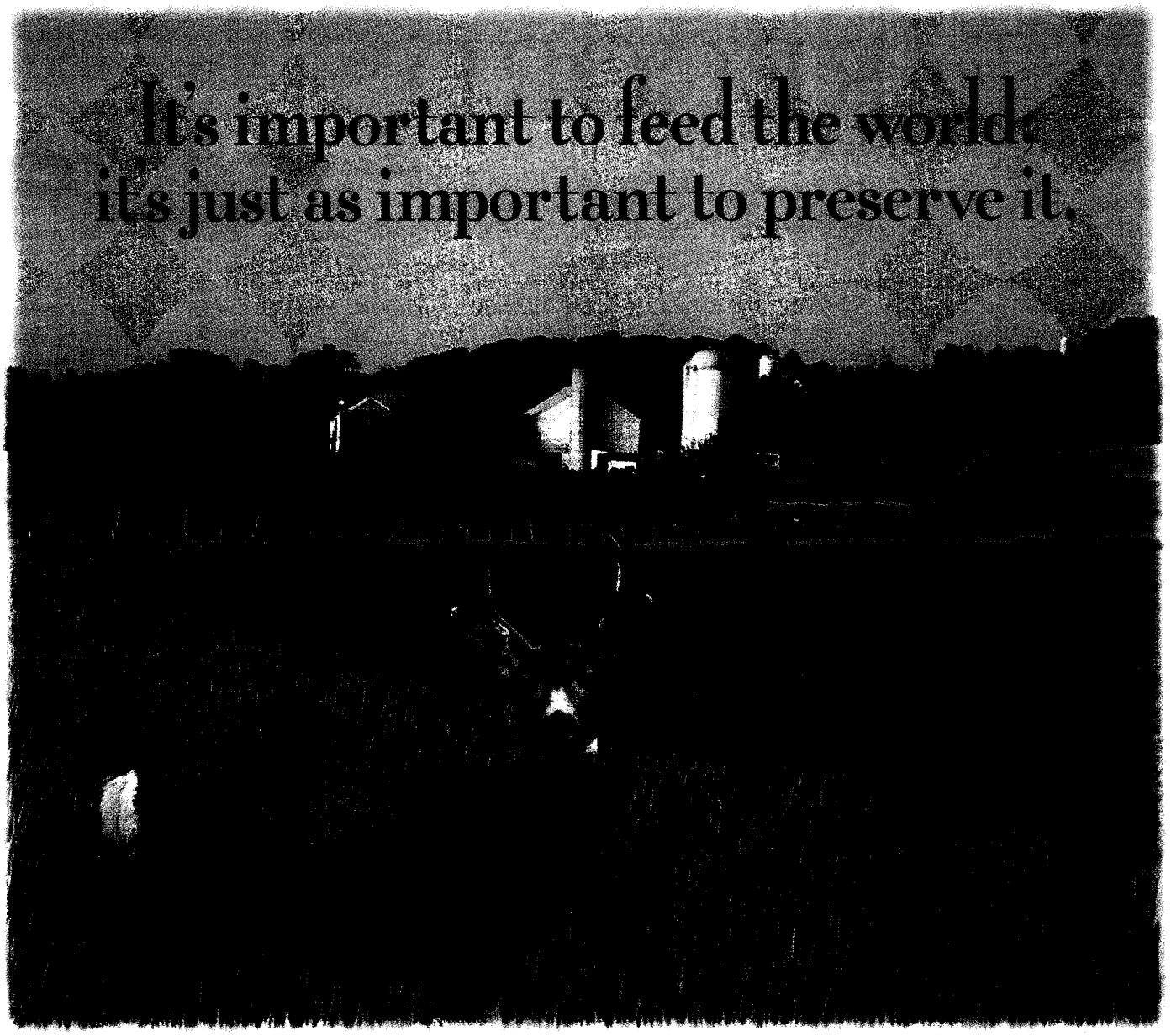

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FOR THE RECORD

■ **George W. Bush** bombs at first showcase for presidential hopefuls for year 2000, Midwest Republican Leadership Conference in Indianapolis. Afterward, in defensive spin mode, Bush implausibly claimed to have been interrupted by applause forty times and, equally implausibly, avowed: "This was purely an attempt to help the Midwestern Republican Parties, and had I known this was going to be some giant beauty contest where people were going to make a huge scene out of this. . . . I might not have done it." . . . According to **Bob Novak**, Family Research Council president **Gary Bauer** is seriously considering a presidential run in 2000. Bauer says: "I certainly want my issues to run in the year 2000. If nobody's going to take those issues. . . . I'll cross that bridge when it comes." . . . New Hampshire Sen. **Bob Smith** (R.) flirts with entering presidential race, but 59 per cent of folks back home in New Hampshire say he shouldn't. . . . **Newt Gingrich** tells audience at Indianapolis GOP confab, "There are things I would like to do like a flat tax with virtual elimination of the IRS," then immediately afterward denies having said it. . . . According to *Roll Call*, Gingrich plans to convene informal "coup watch" meetings. *Saturday Night Live* reportedly wants the Speaker as guest host. . . . **Ronald Reagan**'s talk-show-host son, **Michael**, goes after political consultants in his new book *The City on the Hill*. "The people who nearly sank Ronald Reagan's campaign in 1980 . . . are still around today," he writes. "From what I've seen, people like **John Sears** and **Charlie Black** don't give a rodent's rear bumper about the Republican cause or conservative values."

■ According to the Media Research Center, *Time* magazine's **Margaret Carlson** blames the system for **Al Gore**'s transgressions: "What we've done is we've got a face on a corrupt system and we're doubting the probity—who would ever have thought that you would doubt the probity of Vice President Al Gore and three nuns? So it seems to me you've got to look at the system when the system is corrupting people that you would not otherwise . . ." . . . Euphemism watch: First the fundraiser at the Buddhist temple was "community outreach," then a "finance-related event," now a "donor-maintenance" meeting. . . . One typical Gore call-sheet instructs him to call Federal Express executive **Fred Smith**: ". . . our Administration has been very responsive to his company, especially in opening up Japan, and his business is good. He can raise $25,000 especially if he wants to, and he will, but it will require that you ask him." Gore, meanwhile, is already dispensing federal largesse in his presidential bid. On recent trip to New Hampshire he brought with him $2.5-million Department of Transportation grant for Manchester Airport. . . . An emissary from Sen. **Bob Kerrey** (D., Neb.) has reportedly encouraged Nebraska Lieut. Gov. **Kim Robak** (D.) to look at a Senate run in 2000, fueling speculation that Kerrey will opt to run for President instead of re-election to Senate that year.

■ Hawaii reaps ill effects of its status-quo welfare policies: while rolls have dropped everywhere else in the country, Hawaii's have risen 36 per cent over last four years. . . . New York State will route students from Caribbean nations like Jamaica, Barbados, and the Bahamas into bilingual programs—even though the official language of their native countries is English. . . . Program workshops of upcoming Lavender Languages and Linguistics conference at American University include: "Lavender voice of Chinese queer dissidents"; "Can women and men write each other's porn?"; and "Fags joking." . . . The Pew Center for Civic Journalism holds a seminar: "Liars, Incompetents, Distorters: Who Believes Journalists Any More?"

"I'm fond of the middle class—they're a good tax base."

■ After crash of local currencies in several South-East Asian countries, Malaysian Prime Minister **Mahathir Mohamad** calls financier **George Soros** a "moron." Mahathir fingers the crusading Soros as chief speculator in the crash, saying it was an effort to punish countries that accepted totalitarian Burma into ASEAN (Association of South-East Asian Nations). Soros was last heard from in pages of *The Atlantic Monthly*, which in February published his rambling diatribe on the evils of the capitalist system that made him rich. . . . Although U.S. troops in Bosnia are heavily armed with high-tech materiel, GI's guarding contested television transmitter against attacking Serbs found their most useful weapons: clubs made from tree branches. . . . News to them: Recent survey finds 53 per cent of British don't know the United States once was a British colony. . . . News to us: *L'Express* sniffs that "the U.S. is increasingly becoming a land of neo-Victorian Puritans."

■ **Tom Selleck** denies rumors that California GOP is wooing him to run against Democratic Sen. **Barbara Boxer**. . . . Sixties rocker **Bob Dylan** is set to perform for Pope **John Paul II** at World Eucharistic Congress in Bologna in late September. . . . **Sylvester Stallone** reaffirms his determination to take more serious roles, after getting to perform a scene from his new movie *Cop Land* for the **Clintons** in Martha's Vineyard. . . . Six prisoners break out of a New Mexico jail when guards are distracted watching *Baywatch*. Explains a prison official: "It was only a coincidence. It could have been *Monday Night Football*."

■ On occasion of Al Gore's visit to New Hampshire, *Manchester Union Leader*, in an editorial titled "Is Al Gore Too Stupid to Be President?" concludes: "If brains were lard, Mr. Gore couldn't grease a small skillet."

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THE WEEK

■ This week's health tip is to stop eating squirrel brains, which are about the size of a ping-pong ball, taste something like liver, get mushy when cooked, and are deemed a delicacy in the backwoods South. Doctors in Kentucky report treating 11 people—all of whom had eaten squirrel brains—with Creutzfeldt–Jakob disease, an abnormally high incidence (statistically, there should be only one case every ten years). Creutzfeldt–Jakob, the human version of "mad cow" disease, produces holes in the brain.

■ Medical science has not yet noted the extraordinary incidence of Clinton–Gore disease around Washington, D.C. Hundreds of instances of corruption have been reported where the statistical norm is about one per Administration. Clinton–Gore also produces holes in the brain, right after suspects are confronted with evidence.

■ On his second day in the White House President Clinton issued an executive order lifting the ban on federal funding of overseas abortions. Last week, the House voted 234 to 191 to reinstate the ban. An amendment sponsored by Rep. Chris Smith (R., N.J.) would prohibit the United States from funding family-planning organizations that perform or advocate abortions except in cases of rape, incest, or danger to the life of the mother. The bill goes to conference under the threat of a veto if the amendment is included in the final version. Smith is convinced he has leadership support. But Bob Livingston (R., La.), chairman of the Appropriations Committee, has been actively dissuading members from attaching amendments to appropriations bills, and Jim Greenwood (R., Pa.), Newt Gingrich's hand-picked successor to Bill Paxon (R., N.Y.), opposes Smith on this particular amendment. Conservatives should stand firm. The Federal Government should not be subsidizing exports—especially exports of the culture of death.

■ Arizona Gov. Fife Symington was convicted of lying to get millions in loans. Hasn't anyone in Phoenix heard of temple fundraisers?

■ In Crystal Lake, Illinois, a 37-year-old gym teacher had sexual relations with a 13-year-old girl for 18 months. But there was little danger of her becoming pregnant, thanks to Uncle Sam. Even though a child cannot be given aspirin or have her ears pierced without parental consent, under Title X of the Public Health Service Act a teacher can take her to a clinic for federally funded birth control without anyone's notifying her parents. What's more, Depo-Provera, the contraceptive administered in this case, is a compound that the ACLU does not think should be used for "chemical castration" of sex offenders in California. Responding to the Crystal Lake travesty, Reps. Don Manzullo (R., Ill.) and Ernest Istook (R., Okla.) have co-sponsored an amendment to an appropriations bill that would require health providers to notify parents before dispensing birth control to minors and to comply with state laws that oblige them to report cases of statutory rape, child abuse, molestation, rape, or incest. Champions of "reproductive freedom" claim the amendment is just another attempt to limit choice. Is molesting children now a "choice"?

■ Now that Martin Peretz has fired Michael Kelly from *The New Republic* for excessive criticism of Al Gore, we await the trenchant articles in *Esquire*, *Slate*, and *U.S. News & World Report* about the deadening intellectual conformity of liberals.

■ The minority set-aside program in the huge Intermodal Surface Transportation Efficiency Act costs taxpayers millions of dollars a year, invites fraud, does little or nothing to help minorities, and was ruled unconstitutional by a federal court in the *Adarand* case earlier this year. Congressional Republicans are poised to re-authorize the program anyway. So eager is the GOP to avoid the issue of preferences and to dole out pork undisturbed that it is willing to pass plainly unconstitutional legislation. A few House members who want an amendment to strip the so-called Disadvantaged Business Enterprise program from the transportation bill face resistance from House transportation czar Bud Shuster (R., Pa.). Sen. Mitch McConnell (R., Ky.) will also try to kill the program, against similarly long odds. Most congressional Republicans honor the Brezhnev Doctrine of quotas: No preference, once instituted, shall ever be reversed.

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■ SILVER LININGS: If you are a woman, or even tangentially a member of any of the following groups, the Federal Government is eager to steer transportation grants your way, regardless of your qualifications: Black Americans; Hispanic Americans; Native Americans (American Indians, Eskimos, Aleuts, or Native Hawaiians); Asian Pacific Americans (persons with origins in Burma, Thailand, Malaysia, Indonesia, Singapore, Brunei, Japan, China [including Hong Kong], Taiwan, Laos, Cambodia [Kampuchea], Vietnam, Korea, the Philippines, U.S. Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands [Republic of Palau], Republic of the Marshall Islands, Federated States of Micronesia, the Commonwealth of the Northern Mariana Islands, Guam, Samoa, Macao, Fiji, Tonga, Kiribati, Tuvalu, or Nauru); Subcontinent Asian Americans (persons with origins in India, Pakistan, Bangladesh, Sri Lanka, Bhutan, the Maldive Islands, or Nepal); and members of other groups designated from time to time by the Small Business Administration.

■ In currency markets, 1997 is the year of the American dollar and the British pound. These once-despised currencies have soared against the German Mark, the Japanese yen, the Swiss franc, and the rest of yesterday's darlings. The Mark fell 22 per cent, and the yen 11 per cent, against the dollar in the past year. No one calls this a crisis. Contrast the noise and fuss about the 27 per cent decline in the Thai baht, the 21 per cent decline in the Indonesian rupiah, and similar declines in currencies of other defanged Asian tigers. Why aren't the financial press and the International Monetary Fund just as stirred up about the Mark and the yen as about the baht and the rupiah? Surely they are more important for the world economy. The answer: The Mark and the yen fluctuate against the dollar. Fluctuating exchange rates avoid crises. Exchange rates are prices. If they are misaligned and inappropriate, markets correct. Governments that try to prevent markets from working, as the Asian countries tried to do, pay out billions of dollars at their taxpayers' expense. As usual, these countries have lost the money they've poured in. And, as usual, the IMF is making matters worse, loading the struggling countries with debt instead of letting the market work.

■ Communism is no more, socialism is in disarray, and yet New Democrats and New Labour appear to have inherited the earth. Why has conservatism stumbled? What can be done? Come hear speakers from five continents at the First International Conservative Congress, September 27–28, at the Mayflower Hotel in Washington, D.C., for questions, answers, and recharged synapses. The full program is available on *NR*'s website (www.nationalreview.com), but fireworks are expected at the debates on affirmative action (Ward Connerly v. Glenn Loury), immigration (Peter Brimelow v. Ben Wattenberg), culture wars (Mark Steyn, Midge Decter), and judicial imperialism (Richard John Neuhaus, Harry Jaffa). Non-websurfers, see the ad on page 25 or telephone Isabel Ferguson at 202-862-5841. And join Margaret Thatcher, WFB, Steve Forbes, Newt Gingrich, Pete du Pont, Charles Krauthammer, George Will, John O'Sullivan, Bill Kristol, Ralph Reed, Robert Bork and Leonidas and the Three Hundred in the Big Tent.

The Best-Laid Plans

See Al in the maelstrom,
Sweating as it sucks
At that ting-a-linging
Over campaign bucks.
Watch how Janet Reno
Thrashes at her desk.
Who says TV's lousy?
This could be Dantesque.

—W. H. VON DREELE

■ It turns out that Maurice Strong, the debonair man of mystery featured on *NR*'s September 1 cover, has feathers that are easily ruffled. When the *Earth Times*, a fortnightly newspaper with which Strong had had a long relationship, published three articles on proposed UN reforms, Strong fired off a letter dissociating himself from the magazine and threatening to alert pals to his action. In the letter Strong condemned the articles as "reprehensible" and "distorted," but *Earth Times* editor and publisher Pranay Gupte believes these strong words are in fact a reaction to critical comments he made about the reforms on CNN and in the *New York Daily News*. Such touchiness would hardly warrant mention if Strong were not such a big banana at the UN. As it is, his intimidation may threaten the *Earth Times*'s existence. Not a good omen for world government—oops, governance.

■ The New Atlantic Initiative has sponsored major international conferences in Prague (1996) and Phoenix (1997) to support strengthened transatlantic ties and to bring Central Europe, often the cradle of larger conflicts, into the Atlantic zone of stability and prosperity. On September 9 in Washington, a bi-partisan group of 133 distinguished Americans brought together by the NAI endorsed the early admission of Poland, Hungary, and the Czech Republic into NATO. Signatories included former Vice President Dan Quayle, eight former Secretaries of State, six former Secretaries of Defense, five former National Security Advisors, and assorted CIA directors, senators, congressmen, generals, admirals, and other eminent figures, from Colin Powell to *NR* senior editor Peter Rodman. Russian objections? At the press launch Richard Holbrooke pointed out persuasively that Russian soldiers currently serve under American command in

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Bosnia, enlargement notwithstanding, and Anthony Lake argued that in the unlikely event that Russian revanchism appears, it should not be appeased.

■ From Canada, please welcome a sprightly, well-written quarterly, *Gravitas*, covering politics and culture, with room in its pages for conservatives. Phil Marchand's cover story in the current issue wryly laments that there is no national Canadian literature worth noting, and may never be. Well, at least there is now a notable Canadian magazine. For information write to *Gravitas*, Manulife P. O. Box 19544, 55 Bloor Street West, Toronto, Ontario M4W 1BO, or call 416-544-8175.

■ When Alfred Kinsey's *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male* came out in 1948 it was an instant best-seller, although flaws in its methodology were pointed out almost immediately. The sampling methods were skewed. There was covert input from the researchers in their interviews. The statistical analyses were flawed. Lionel Trilling found a crude ideology in the book and pointed out that even statistically accurate accounts of behavior are not normative. Recently, Judith Reisman (see "Mortal Sins" by Tom Bethell, *NR*, May 19) reported that Kinsey worked with pedophiles. Now comes the news that Kinsey himself was more than slightly nuts. Writing in *The New Yorker* (August 25/September 1), Kinsey biographer James H. Jones says that Kinsey, thrice married, "was both a homosexual and, from childhood on, a masochist who, as he grew older, pursued an interest in extreme sexuality with increasing compulsiveness. His secret life was shared by a small circle of intimates, a few of whom became his sexual partners, sometimes in the name of 'research' . . . [Kinsey's proclivities] almost certainly did affect the objectivity and detachment of his work as a scientist; his celebrated findings, I now believe, may well have been skewed." According to Jones, the Kinsey Institute in fact was a hotbed, as it were, of group "scientific" sexual experimentation, informed by an ideology of polymorphous pansexuality. The Kinsey Report really turns out to be an evangelical cultural artifact masquerading as "science."

■ *Roll Call* reports that Sen. Orrin Hatch, who pens hymns on the side, has written a song dedicated to his dear friend Ted Kennedy. The tune is unknown, but the lyrics include: *I've been searching all my life—then you came into view. I was scared to trust my heart—your eyes told me you knew . . . We are souls along the way—in my heart you stay. You know my secrets, I have cried your pain. When the winding road takes us up and down—we'll keep holding on, it's love we've found.* Kennedy's wife, Victoria Reggie, reportedly wept when she heard the lyrics. So did we.

A Grief Observed

TEN days after Princess Diana died in a Paris car crash, she was still the top story on the nightly network news. Money pouring in to the charitable fund established in her memory had reached $150 million. Flowers sent to her island grave entirely carpeted the island and were causing environmental problems. Crowds were still lining up to sign the books of condolence at Kensington Palace and at British embassies. A Tory MP reports that people signing the condolence book in his constituency did more than sign it: they copied out heartfelt testimonials to her drafted ahead of time.

What explains this extraordinary outpouring of grief? Diana's photogenic beauty? Not alone, surely: there are other women as lovely or lovelier. Her good works? But Mother Teresa, whose life was devoted to others, received respect rather than adoration in death. That she was a wronged woman, Diana the Sad? But Mrs. Clinton, much more wronged, does not evoke this response. That we felt we knew her? Warmer. She did pour out her heart to us via television. But maybe the answer is all of these—crystallized and made more poignant by her death. We saw a flawed, beautiful, willful, well-meaning woman go from fairy-tale romance through modernity's prosaic discontents to the climax of a death borrowed from grand opera.

Even so, the excessive grief that we have displayed says more about us than about the Princess. To a greater degree than America, Britain is a post-Christian society. In both countries, however, the comforts and explanations of traditional religion exert less power over many people—and the result is an increase in cults, sects, New Age superstitions. In this Joseph Campbell territory, Diana was the stuff of several myths—Cinderella (with Charles and Camilla as the Ugly Sisters), Diana the Hunted (with the paparazzi impersonating the Furies), one-half (Juliet, Isolde, Anna Karenina, etc., etc.) of a pair of doomed lovers, and finally Marguérite in the last act of Gounod's *Faust,* transported from misery and death to Heaven. It is hardly surprising if there should be a slight whiff of goddess-worship about the extreme grief Diana has evoked.

Big Labor Stirs

Like Karloff reprising the horror
In Son of *and* Bride of *until*
The peasants, fatigued or impatient,
Mistakenly burn down the still,
The AFL-CIO twitches
As ganglia thought to have been
Long moribund, trigger an eyelid
And color returns to its skin.

—W. H. VON DREELE

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PATRIOTISM AND FATE. As a rousing patriotic celebration, the *1812 Overture* needs no introduction. Although it borrows its theme from Serbian folk tunes, the *Marche slave* includes a brash, impassioned statement of the Russian national anthem. Yet during the final decades of his life, Tchaikovsky was haunted by the spectre of Fate, convinced he was destined for inevitable defeat. Thus, in the *Fourth Symphony*, Fate is a violent and destructive assailant. His *Sixth Sympony*–the *Pathetique*–ends in a mood of total despair. And though Tchaikovsky considered it his finest work, it was his last. He died six days after its premiere.

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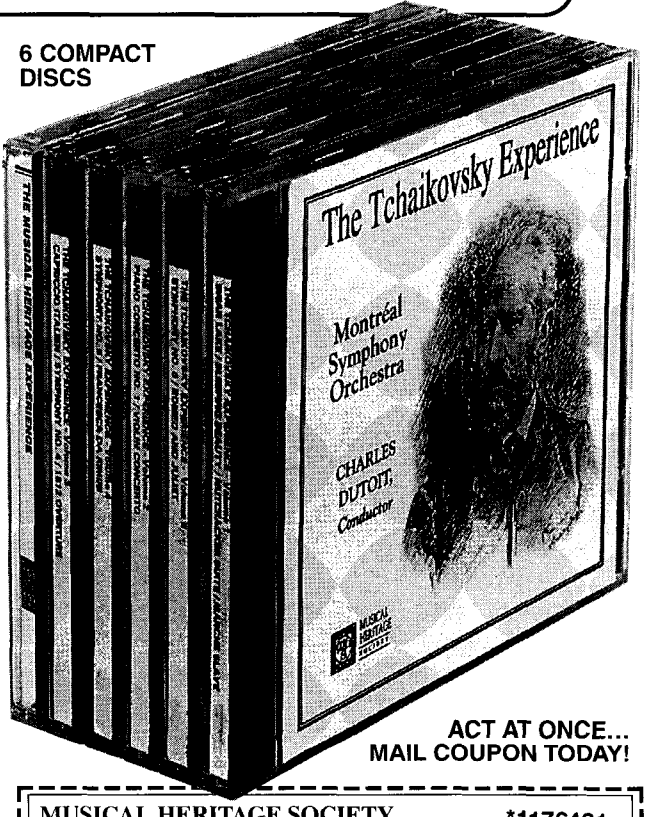

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But she was also an icon of the cult of celebrity. Some celebrities achieve their status *ex officio*—American Presidents enjoy the trappings of celebrity. Others achieve it by a combination of office and deeds—Pope John Paul II. But many celebrities make the grade on very little. Elvis Presley and Marilyn Monroe, two of the greatest icons, had talent, but neither was a genius.

Celebrity is a by-product of modern life and the modern media. Without a sense of history or contact with meaningful institutions, modern men feel arrayed in loneliness against society as a whole. The media, especially television, distract them with clutter and entertainment (which only exacerbates their underlying estrangement). But they also console them with celebrities, shimmering disembodied companions with whom to identify.

But the celebrity companion is a cheat—a relationship empty of real contact or authority. No one believes in nothing. Modern men believe in anything—movie stars, athletes, princesses from fairy tales, goddesses torn untimely from us.

Grief on this scale has public consequences. Tony Blair's government has appropriated the Princess as the symbol of an emotionally spontaneous New Britain not afraid to cry and show compassion. This body-snatching is not only repellent; it is absurd. New Labour is the most buttoned-down, dried-up, straitlaced movement in

Hillary Finds a Role

She was silent in the Abbey—
Blessedly, the rude would say.
Her attire wasn't garish
(Purple wouldn't do that day).
She attended with two thousand,
Playing dumb and keeping still.
As an extra, her performance
Would have gratified DeMille.

—W. H. von Dreele

Right Data

THE story is repeated often: U.S. companies keep costs low by using part-time workers, who are cheap to hire and easy to fire. Labor leaders and their friends in the media cite the UPS strike as proof. Bob Herbert, writing in the *New York Times*, calls the strike a symbol of a new economy where "the managerial elite has treated itself to breathtaking riches," full-time jobs have "decay[ed] into temporary or part-time employment," and "job security has given way to permanent employment anxiety."

Critics like Herbert and Robert Kuttner (who charges that "part-time and temp work is the fastest growing sector of the great American job machine") are wrong. Despite minor ups and downs there has been no consistent change in part-time employment since the early 1980s. In 1996, 18.3 per cent of U.S. workers worked less than 35 hours a week. That's down from 18.9 per cent in 1994 and about the same as 1983's 18.4 per cent.

Skeptics point to the seemingly sharp rise in the number of part-timers over the last three years. But the Bureau of Labor Statistics modified its job survey in 1994. Experts say the apparent surge in part-timers is merely a statistical anomaly stemming from that change.

An Overworked Issue: Part Time Workers

	Employed Persons: Full Time	Employed Persons: Part Time	Part-Timers as % of Workforce	Full-time Wage: % Union Above Non-Union
	(In Millions)			
1983	82.3	18.5	18.4%	39.4%
1990	98.7	20.1	16.9	28.5
1992	97.7	20.8	17.6	28.4
1994	99.8	23.3	18.9	31.6
1995	101.7	23.2	18.6	29.3
1996	103.5	23.2	18.3	27.5
		% change, 1983–1996:		
	+25.8%	+25.4%	–0.1% pts.	–30.2%

Source: Bureau of Labor Statistics.

What about people who must hold down more than one job to reach the 35-hours-a-week threshold? Add in these unfortunates, say the critics, and you'll see a dramatic increase in part-time workers. Perhaps. But the percentage of workers holding more than one job has barely budged, hovering between 5 and 6 per cent for the last 15 years.

The exploitation story becomes even less credible when you examine who the part-timers are. Three-quarters are women, mostly mothers with young children. Students and retirees account for most of the rest. Most are happy with their jobs. Only 4.3 million of the 23.2 million part time workers in 1996 were labeled "involuntary part-time" by BLS.

Benefits are often denied part-time workers, but mandated benefits are so high and anti-discrimination laws so constraining that hiring full-time personnel is a very risky business. Back when employers were free to hire and fire at will, involuntary part-time workers constituted a much smaller fraction of the workforce.

What will U.S. businesses do if organized labor pushes wages up faster than productivity? A poll taken after the UPS strike found just 7.6 per cent willing to use more part-time workers. In a pinch 7 per cent said they could move jobs overseas. But the great bulk (some 76 per cent of the executives surveyed) said they would "strive for more efficiencies"—which in the long run means forcing union workers to produce as efficiently as non-union.

Meanwhile, the wage gap between union and non-union workers has narrowed in recent years, even among full-time private-sector employees.

—Ed Rubenstein

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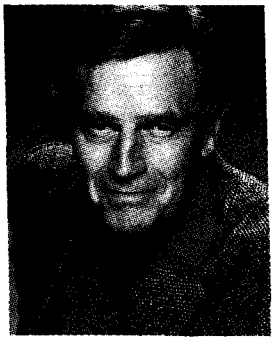

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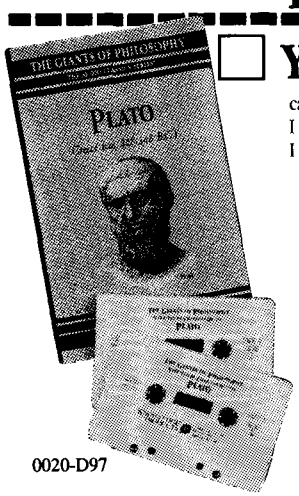

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Britain since Cromwell's New Model Army. But the argument has nonetheless swayed both British and American commentators. Similarly, Britain's small cadre of republicans has used Diana's personal charisma to argue for an end to a traditional monarchy alleged to be "boring," "dull," and emblematic of British repression. As Ferdinand Mount has observed, this kind of agitation is little more than a displacement activity for middle-class intellectuals deprived of hope in a socialist future. Again, however, it is taken seriously—and in one specific sense it should be taken seriously.

Personal charisma is a force that undermines institutions as often as it sustains them. Political institutions, monarchical or republican, need the more reliable buttresses of tradition and duty. Mass emotionalism and febrile celebrity-worship are hostile to any long-standing constitutional system, which, with the passage of time, is bound to seem stuffy as well as solid, remote as well as impressive, and archaic as well as historic.

We must hope, then, that the unhealthy emotions of the last ten days in both London and the American media are something we will look back on with embarrassment and shame—as if we had been gorging on melodrama. If not, then the Western democracies, no longer held in check by the challenge of totalitarianism, may be entering the Age of Diana, an age of necromancers and seers, gurus and priestesses, charlatans and astrologers, star-worship and celebrity-stalking. It would be an age hostile to established authority, whether political, religious, or intellectual, and correspondingly hungry for new gods to worship, new images to love, and new lords to follow —with few guideposts to point us in the right direction.

The Gory Details

ANYONE who witnessed Al Gore's exploitation of his late sister at the Democratic National Convention last year, or of his injured son four years before that, should not have been surprised by the latest twists in the White House fundraising scandals. A politician who so casually and cynically traffics in the suffering of his own kin is capable of just about anything. Some observers lament that Gore has been "Clintonized" during his tenure as Vice President. But the difference is that Gore, unlike Clinton, has not already been judged by the public to be untrustworthy, nor has he been excused by them because of his empathetic personality. That is why the fallout of the latest scandals now has more potential to poison his career than that of the President he serves.

Gore is caught in a web of half-truths that grows more tangled by the day. At first he called the fundraiser at the California Buddhist temple a "community outreach event," then admitted it was "finance-related," but still maintains he was unaware that money would be changing hands at the temple—which would make him the only person connected with the event who didn't know and, if true, would mean he was too stupid for the Presidency. His initial assertions about the fundraising calls from his White House office have undergone similar revisions. "A few" fundraising calls turned out to be 86. Calls made on a Democratic National Committee credit card turned out to be calls at government expense. And, most importantly, solicitations for unregulated "soft money" turned out to be pleas for money destined for hard-money accounts directly benefiting the Clinton–Gore campaign.

It is illegal to solicit campaign contributions on federal property. But Attorney General Janet Reno had argued that since soft money isn't technically a campaign contribution, Solicitor-in-Chief Gore was in the clear. That dis-

The Week in Verse

However high or low, common or quaint,
All mankind mourned the passing of a saint
Who'd giv'n life to help those in distress,
When spared from th'duties of a rich *Princess*—
As dining, skiing, finding the right bed,
Or sunbathing with *Dodi* in the *Med.*
E'en *Mother Teresa* (she died the same week)
Paid tribute to *Di's* charitable chic
And—that which none denied—her loving heart,
Which, humbly, never claimed to be too smart
("Thick as a plank," the self-described young bride
Had wit to win the world to her side.)

You flip the coin, it turns up heads or tails;
You have to choose: *Princess* or *Prince of Wales.*
Though life goes on unchanged, for all but few,
Fierce *Spencer's* sure the war should go on too.
Alas that all our science could not save
Diana, but this quarrel defeats the grave.
And what a lease on life it gives to fools,
To gossips, pilgrims, nuts, and media ghouls!
A fourth of all the cam'ras on the globe
Were trained on those who saw her as a *Job*
Who'd suffered every modern plague there was
And found the worst the plague of cameras.

Al Gore, though stricken far (no doubt) in grief,
Could not but spare each third sigh for relief
That all the world attended to her rites
And not the *Californian* cenobites
Who swore to *Congress*, looking rather funny,
That *Gore* had come to them—but not for money.
He whom the sharpest-eyed thought *Mr. Clean* no
Longer kept his credit—not e'en with *Reno.*
He owed a lot to *Di*, but also to
The Shredder of the *Venerable Yi-Chu*,
And let us not forget the luck that he
Must fight palookas from the *GOP.*

—JUVENAL

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Hillsdale College Announces the Second Winner of the

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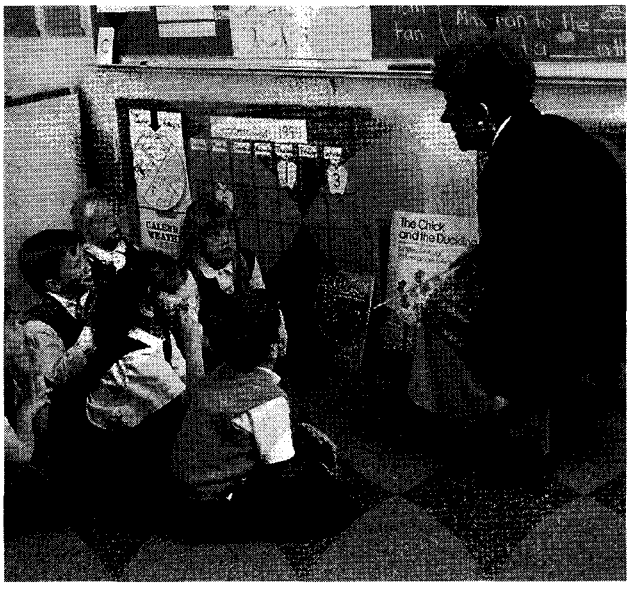
Hillsdale College proudly announces the third annual Henry Salvatori Prize for "Excellence in Teaching" to honor exceptional public and private elementary school teachers committed to rigorous, high academic standards and traditional learning. A $25,000 award will be made payable to the winner's non-profit institution using the *Hillsdale Academy Reference Guide's* principles and practices.



Hillsdale College officials selected the 1997 recipient, Ellen Didion of Cornerstone Christian Academy in Sycamore, Illinois, from teachers across the country who are implementing the curriculum and guidelines contained within the *Hillsdale Academy Reference Guide.* Cornerstone Christian Academy, now in its 21st year of educating children within a values-centered school, incorporated the *Reference Guide's* ideals to enhance its school culture and curriculum.

The *Guide* serves as a K-8th grade educational resource for those seeking to provide children with a traditional, classical education. It details the administrative and academic characteristics of Hillsdale Academy, the College's K-8 model school in Hillsdale, Michigan.

If you have invested in the *Hillsdale Academy Reference Guide* and are applying its principles, you may be eligible to compete for this annual award. For further information about the Henry Salvatori Prize for "Excellence in Teaching" or to obtain the *Hillsdale Academy Reference Guide*, telephone **1-800-989-READ** or write *Hillsdale Academy Reference Guide* Hillsdale, Michigan 49242.

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Ellen Didion, Fourth-grade teacher
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tinction—legalistic and dubious from the beginning—has now been shattered by the hard-money revelation in the *Washington Post* (the Justice Department's own internal fundraising "investigation" somehow had not managed to uncover the destination of Gore's money). Miss Reno has been forced to take the first steps toward appointing an independent counsel in the case, which now seems inevitable. An independent counsel, working through the dozen different strands of the fundraising scandals, would be a time-bomb under the floorboards of the Gore-for-President campaign. It couldn't happen to a nicer guy.

Into the Breach

SECRETARY of State Madeleine Albright managed to steer clear of the Middle East for her first eight months in office, but now it has caught up with her. The Administration was slow to recognize the danger signs: Yasir Arafat winking at Islamist terrorism, which he had pledged in the Oslo accords to help suppress; negotiations running out of steam and badly in need of a new approach. Finally a suicide bombing in a Jerusalem market on July 30 killed 14 passersby, creating such an uproar that the Administration had to respond.

Secretary Albright gave a speech in Washington focusing on two points: 1) Arafat would have to understand that renouncing violence and helping combat terrorism were preconditions for continuing U.S.-led diplomacy; 2) negotiations, once resumed, should focus on the core issues of the conflict (Palestinian sovereignty, final borders, Jerusalem) instead of the incrementalist agenda inherited from Oslo. If some progress could be obtained, Secretary Albright promised to go to the Middle East.

She was right. No one expects the Palestinian Authority to have 100 per cent success blocking terrorism, but it can make a 100 per cent good-faith effort. That means cooperating with Israeli security services, no longer encouraging mob violence or currying favor with the Islamists. Arafat must choose which side he is on. A new framework for the negotiation is likewise long overdue. As *NR* has argued, Oslo's incrementalism has run its course. Prime Minister Netanyahu has also shown significant moderation in his views on the final-status issues, virtually conceding Palestinian sovereignty (pending negotiation over its geographic extent and national-security powers).

Given the deterioration, there is no alternative to active American involvement. But of what kind? Secretary Albright's speech had the emphasis right, but it was accompanied by press backgrounders suggesting it was a prelude to new pressures on Israel. There are Mideast doves in the Administration, and, as usual, it is hard to tell what our government is up to (it may not even know itself). But on September 4, suicide bombers struck again, slaughtering six Israelis at a Jerusalem mall. Congress promptly demanded that the Administration put the screws on Arafat first. With reason and justification.

Mother Teresa, R I P

GOD employed Mother Teresa to His own ends for some seventy years, since she joined the Sisters of Loreto and settled in Calcutta to teach high school. In 1950 she founded the Order of Missionaries of Charity, which was eventually expanded to ninety countries. The world's most desperately impoverished people found help, comfort, and sustenance in her tiny, wrinkled hands.

Her work recalled two lines in the Bible, apparently contradictory yet only seven verses apart. In Deuteronomy the promise is made that at a future time "there shall be no poor among you." Then comes the assurance that "the poor shall never cease out of the land." Which is correct? According to one interpretation, both are. There need not always be individuals who lack bread. That is one sort of poverty. The other is a condition in which a person is told, and tells himself, that he is "poor" no matter how much bread he has. Liberal society specializes in creating "poor" people like that, drawing up categories of those in need and handing out checks at arm's length. The psychological effects of such poverty are devastating, as the beneficiaries of the welfare state show.

For Mother Teresa there were, in that sense, no poor at all. She had her headquarters in the filthiest, most disease-riddled slum in India—which is saying something—and did her best truly to live not only for, but among, her neighbors. She personally washed, held, dressed, and begged for them. When asked if the nuns in her order could have fans in their rooms, she refused, since the poor of India don't have fans. When liberals pushed abortion, seeking to eliminate poverty by the expedient of eliminating poor people, Mother Teresa fought back vigorously. In recent years some in the elite let their resentment show through. The journalist Christopher Hitchens wrote a book and a television documentary attacking her. His scorn was as eloquent a tribute as any obituary.

Viktor Frankl, R I P

IN December 1941, a young Viennese psychologist was just finishing up what he then thought of as "my life's work," a book challenging the theories of his great contemporaries Sigmund Freud and Alfred Adler. It was an academic book, a case for free will drawn from clinical studies, and it probably would have established Viktor Emil Frankl as a minor dissenter in the scientific disputes of the day. Instead he was arrested by Nazi soldiers, and, despite his pleadings ("in the name of science!"), the manuscript was destroyed.

Draft two of *Man's Search for Meaning* began as stenographic notes scrawled on tiny scraps of paper, hidden each night under floorboards at Dachau and Auschwitz.

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It was the best rewrite of the century, and has since sold over ten million copies in 27 languages. As inmates, "we needed to stop asking ourselves about the meaning of life, and to think of ourselves as those who were being questioned by life—daily and hourly." This was true for each person and each life: "Everything can be taken away from man but one thing—to choose one's attitude in a given set of circumstances, to choose one's own way." In the camps he lost his father, mother, brother, and pregnant wife, whose image he fixed in his mind on long forced marches, understanding "how a man who has nothing left in this world may still know bliss."

After the war he returned to Vienna. He did not believe in "collective guilt," he explained: guilt and innocence belong only to individuals. He distrusted "philosophical dilettantism," never receiving (or seeking) the favor of the intellectual classes. He was the enemy of "nihilistic scientists and philosophers" whose theories, he said, denied God, conscience, and the soul.

Precise in everything, Frankl had been to America "94 times," he told me in an interview three years ago. At 89, he was still thanking the American soldiers who had liberated him. He wrote 30 other books, always returning to his themes of redemption, defiance of misfortune, answering for one's own life, "facing our fate without flinching." He died in Vienna, at 92, B-section news in a busy week, survived by his wife of 49 years, a daughter, two grandchildren, millions of grateful readers, and a book for the ages. —MATTHEW SCULLY

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Your questioning how to politically correctly address a letter that is gender inclusive is painfully obvious: Dear Sir/Madam.

Sincerely,
June Corliss
Brentwood, Calif.

Dear Mr. Buckley:

The advent of the hyphenated name and umbrage/legal tactics of the feminist movement did indeed muddle the issue of salutation in letters. I have found "Dear Sir/Madam" to be very effective in addressing organizations/individuals attempting civil business; "Dear Occupant" works extremely well with rude, boorish individuals; and "Dear Comrade" when I am desirous of trouncing the ignoramus. When addressing a knuckledragger, "Dear (fill in blank)" has worked well for me.

Mrs. Pamela Kelly
Concord, Calif.

To: WFB

I think the military has the right idea about what to use to replace "Dear Sir" in a letter—nothing! After the inside address, just start your first paragraph without any greeting at all.

Jerry Lapham
Monroe, Ohio

Mr. Buckley:

You asked how some of us have resolved the issue of the unknown recipient of correspondence. I simply do not use a salutation unless I know the recipient of my correspondence. A salutation should be something more than a formality. It is meant to greet a person by name.

If I do not know the name, there is no need for a salutation.

Steve Cotton
Salem, Ore.

Dear Mr. Buckley:

My entry in the gender-inclusive greeting contest, which I have used for some years without reproach, is: "Dear Sir and Madam." Caution must be used, however, to avoid the plural usage "Dear Sirs and Madams." The plural form "Dear Sirs and Madammes," while linguistically imperfect, passes muster.

Surely Chase National would not deny credit to such a correspondent?

Dave Lyndon
Sudbury, Mass.

Folks:

"Folks:"

John J. Leitner
Newtown, Conn.

■ Mr. Peter W. Kaplan
The New York Observer

Dear Mr. Kaplan:

What's the matter with your man Kuczynski [who writes the "Eight Day Week" column of the *Observer*]? Is he sick? Is his witlessness terminal? If so, shouldn't your readers be spared exposure to the rattle? I am an altogether incidental target of his diarrhea on July 21, but it is relentless. Three columns after labeling a *Firing Line* debate he hadn't even seen as "gruesome," he moves on to another event, this one in Washington featuring ". . . cuddly windbag Pat Buchanan, faux heavy-metal singer Pat Boone, paper shredder Ed Meese, creepy minifesto-scribbler Dinesh D'Souza, nasty NATIONAL REVIEW editor Kate O'Beirne, whiny fathead Fred Barnes, and sinister 'pundit' Robert Novak." Creepy stuff, though probably we should be relieved that he didn't describe Novak as "icky." If he wants lessons in animadversion, tell him to go to some of your other writers, skilled in the exercise. If necessary, I'll spare an hour or two.

Yours faithfully,
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
—WFB

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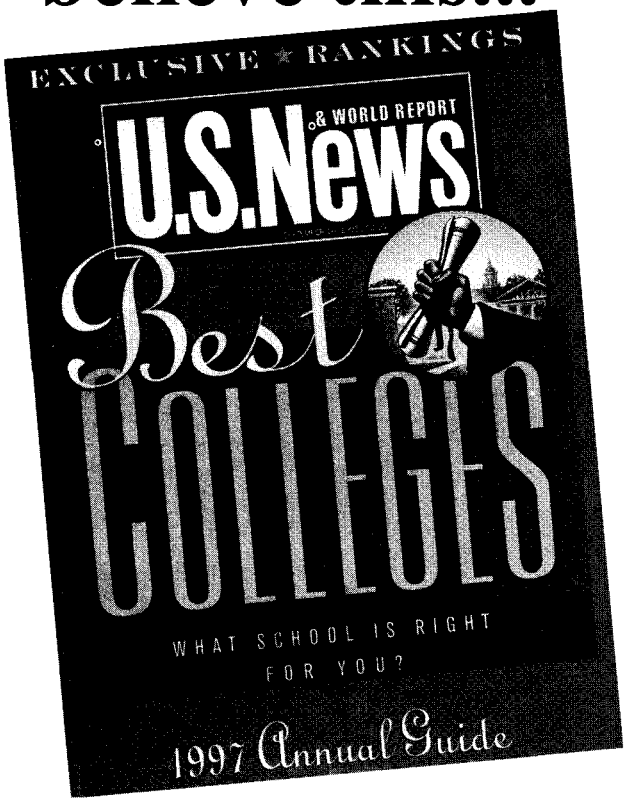

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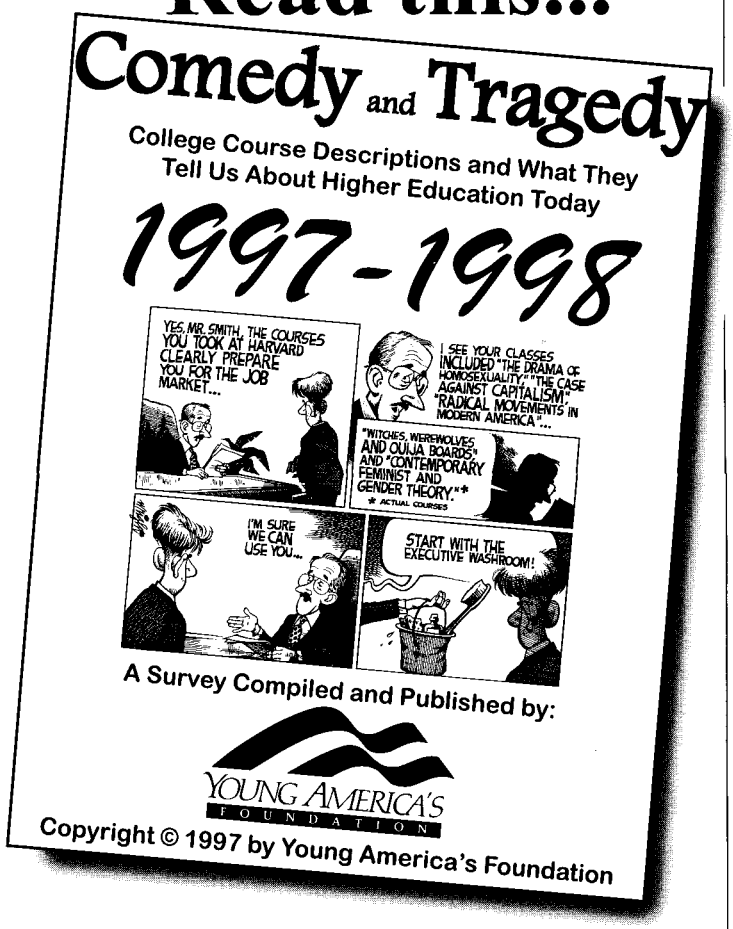

WHAT should parents and prospective students know about the colleges they are considering? Average SAT scores? Alumni giving? Student/faculty ratio? Perhaps. These are criteria *U.S. News & World Report* uses in its annual rating of America's colleges. But *U.S. News* omits the key question: *What* do the schools teach students?

In Young America's Foundation's 1997 edition of *Comedy and Tragedy: College Course Descriptions and What They Tell Us About Higher Education Today*, you learn *what* is being taught. In this annual study of courses in fifty of the nation's "top" schools you will find that every Ivy League university, with one exception, offers more courses in feminism than in economics even though economics majors outnumber women's studies majors more than ten to one.

You will learn that at one of *U.S. News'* top rated national universities you can take classes such as ***Fetishism***, ***The Gay Nineties: Genealogies of Gender***, or ***A Thousand Feminisms***. At one of the magazine's top liberal arts colleges, you can study ***Black Gay Fiction***, ***Taking Marx Seriously***, or ***Practices of Race and Gender Resistance***.

Comedy and Tragedy also shows that courses in the failed philosophy of Marxism survive along with a shocking number of classes that attack religious faith and traditional morality. But if you want to study the free market or the principles of conservatism you will find the curricula of many leading schools to be an intellectual wasteland.

If you are looking at colleges this year or are simply concerned with the decline of higher education, don't be without this source of vital information.

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CAPITAL SCENE

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WASHINGTON, D.C.

ON his office wall, Sen. Mitch McConnell (R., Ky.) has two framed newspaper articles from October 1, 1994, the day after he engineered a successful filibuster to kill Democratic campaign-finance legislation. "Senate Stalemate Kills Campaign Finance Reform Bill," reads the front-page headline of one of them, from the *Washington Post*, with a picture of a harried-looking Majority Leader George Mitchell denouncing the bill's opponents as cynics bent on preserving "the current discredited system" of campaign finance. One of the chief targets of that barb was none other than Mitch McConnell, who now points to the article with an impish smile.

"We were that close to losing in 1994," he says, holding his fingers half an inch apart. Campaign-finance bills had passed the Democratic-controlled House and Senate, and the last big hurdle to passage was a conference reconciling the two bills. McConnell had already begun consulting with a downtown lawyer on challenging the legislation in court. But then he realized that he could block the conference by filibustering the appointment of conferees. The Kentucky Republican set up a cot outside the Senate floor, talked about the constitutional transgressions of the legislation for seven hours straight, organized 23 colleagues to take turns speaking through the night, and killed the last major initiative of the Democratic Congress.

It's entirely appropriate that McConnell should be so closely associated with the issue of campaign finance. He's a politician's politician, not just the foremost defender of the current political system but one of its masters. "I enjoy the process. I think it's a stimulating, interesting activity," says McConnell, a prodigious fundraiser who is regarded by his colleagues as one of the finest political minds in the U.S. Senate. Since 1994, congressional Republicans have gyrated wildly between strategies of confrontation and of accommodation with the Clinton White House. If in the run-up to the 1998 election, they manage to find a happy medium—a politics both principled *and* smart—Mitch McConnell is sure to be one of its architects.

Democrats in Kentucky call McConnell a "junk-yard dog," and inside the Senate too he is known for his tenacity. "He fights hard enough to be a Democrat," says an admiring GOP aide. Once McConnell had determined that the post-Watergate model of campaign-finance reform was unconstitutional, he couldn't be budged—despite enormous pressure from the media. "He's very principled, he's very forceful, and he's got some spine," says another Senate staffer. "He's not the typical sort of oily senator." But McConnell is also a supple, quick-maneuvering politician, who is now, as head of the National Republican Senatorial Committee (NRSC), bringing his political skills to bear on the GOP effort to win a filibuster-proof Senate majority.

"These were skills honed and developed of necessity," says McConnell. "Because there wasn't any Republican base to speak of at home and, if you didn't do an exceptional job of campaigning, you were going to lose." Kentucky is 2 to 1 Democratic in registration, and perhaps even more Democratic in attitude. The state is heavily unionized, and has a large elderly population. It flirted with Republicanism in the 1960s, but then slid backward like near-by Arkansas and had little GOP presence until the emergence of McConnell. "He's the most important Republican in the history of Kentucky," says Terry Carmack, former executive director of the state party.

McConnell, a slight man with an owlish, tight-lipped public demeanor reminiscent of George Will, dived into politics early—winning races for president of the student council in high school, college, and law school. After working as a Senate aide, he won a race for Jefferson County Judge Executive in 1977, then ran for the Senate in 1984. Under-funded, running against popular incumbent Dee Huddleston, McConnell broke through with his now-famous ad featuring bloodhounds that go searching for Huddleston because he has missed so many Senate votes. McConnell became the first Republican elected statewide from Kentucky in more than a decade, the beginning of his political mastery of the state.

Democrats in Kentucky call McConnell a 'junk-yard dog.' Says one GOP aide, 'He fights hard enough to be a Democrat.'

McConnell's comfortable lead in his 1990 re-election race disappeared when the Bush budget deal suddenly sent his poll numbers south. McConnell realized he had to play up his opposition to the deal to survive. Three separate TV ads referred to his position, and phone banks worked the issue hard. "The

Mr. Lowry is NR*'s national political reporter.*

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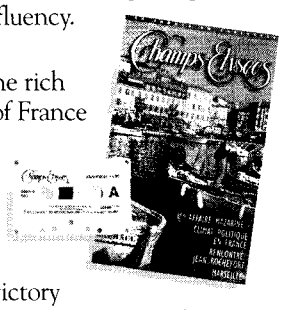

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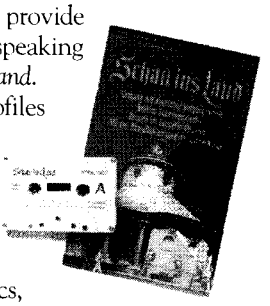

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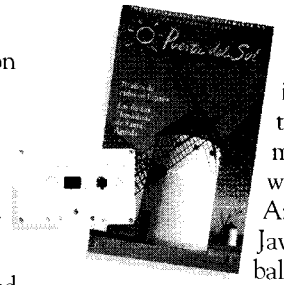

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whole thing turned on a dime," says Steven Law, former McConnell chief of staff and now executive director of the NRSC. McConnell won by a nose. In his 1996 campaign, he pre-empted criticism of his handling of the Packwood case as chairman of the Senate Ethics Committee with a TV spot trumpeting his recommendation that Packwood be expelled. The ad parlayed a possible weakness into a strength.

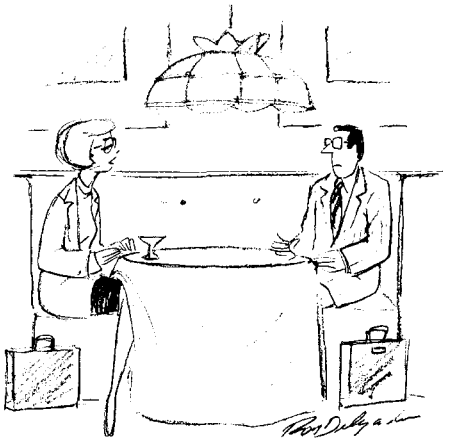
McConnell won last year with 55 per cent of the vote—a landslide for a Republican in Kentucky—and also saw Republicans win 5 of the state's 6 congressional seats. Before the 1994 elections Democrats had had a 4 to 2 advantage; McConnell helped engineer the turnaround with his crucial role in the Ron Lewis special election in May 1994. McConnell revels in the nitty-gritty of campaigns. "He personally dictates 30-second ads," says Steven Law. In the case of Lewis, McConnell served as an unofficial campaign manager. He crafted a short, intense campaign framed as a referendum on Clinton. Lewis won a seat that had been Democratic for 129 years, and his campaign—including his Clinton "morph" ads—became the template for the GOP congressional sweep later that fall.

McConnell's mission is to try to do something similar for Senate candidates next year—but first he will be fighting campaign-finance reform again. Sen. John McCain (R., Ariz.) is threatening to shut down the Senate unless it takes up his bill. But the odds are that nothing will happen. "I'm very confident that the bill is not going to pass," says McConnell, noting that he managed to hold filibusters against campaign-finance bills back when there were 12 fewer Republican senators. He also senses a deeper shift on the issue. "I think we have turned the corner on this issue in terms of the debate," he says. The *Louisville Courier-Journal*, a persistent critic of McConnell on campaign finance, ran a column this year conceding that he's right.

Whatever shift there has been on this issue is chiefly McConnell's doing. Over the years his emphasis has moved from partisan worries about how finance reform would handicap the GOP to broader First Amendment concerns (in 1995, he weathered bitter criticism back home when he fought against the flag-burning amendment for consistency's sake). Early this year, he pulled together a wide-ranging coalition of independent groups opposed to the current proposals, including the National Education Association and the ACLU. And he is a dogged propagandist for *Buckley* v. *Valeo*, the 1976 Supreme Court case that struck down some post-Watergate campaign restrictions on First Amendment grounds.

McConnell calls *Buckley*, which he urges every reporter he meets to read, an "outstanding" decision. The Court held 1) that spending is speech, or as McConnell explains it, "To say otherwise is to say you're free to travel, but you can only have 100 bucks. Without the ability to amplify your message you cannot speak effectively in a country of 260 million people. Spending is an indispensable component part of expression"; 2) that the government can't, as he puts it, "tell you how much you can speak." For McConnell, political spending is a small piece of the larger national conversation, but it happens to be the part most accessible to ordinary people (and to conservatives). Clamping down on it will only enhance the communications power of elites in the media and Hollywood.

McCONNELL has never been hurt at home over his position on campaign finance, because, as he says, voters "don't care about this issue—they care about issues that affect their lives." At the NRSC, McConnell hopes to get the GOP on the right side of some that actually do. He already had the ear of his fellow Republicans on political matters, but his voice is now amplified by an NRSC war-chest that has already hit $21 million. McConnell argues that the budget deal was politically necessary—as a way to demonstrate that Republicans can govern—but not sufficient. "I'm a very strong advocate of bright-line distinctions," he says. "My view is that the budget deal was the right thing to do, but not the only thing to do."



"I think I love you, Robert, but there is reasonable doubt."

McConnell and other conservatives are pushing for a Senate agenda that will lay the groundwork for the 1998 elections. The idea is to push issues this fall and next year that don't necessarily result in the enactment of legislation, but re-establish the philosophical differences between the parties. McConnell talks about four priorities:

Taxes. "I don't think the tax issue is ever over for us," he says. "Whether the tax issue ends up being defined as tax reform or tax reduction, I think Republicans need to stay on the offensive."

Quotas. McConnell will offer an amendment to strip this year's transportation bill of set-asides, and he is sponsoring a bill eliminating all federal preferences. Any Republicans feeling squeamish on the issue, he advises, "ought to call up [California Civil Rights Initiative leader] Ward Connerly."

Tort reform. McConnell is an advocate of a so-called "auto choice" bill that would give motorists the option to forgo insurance for pain and suffering in exchange for annual premium reductions averaging more than $200. "It could be a broad-based 'tax reduction,'" says McConnell.

Education. "Everybody now knows it's the number-one issue in America," he says. McConnell wants Republicans to try to open up space between themselves and Democrats with proposals like school choice.

"To meet this category of bright-line distinction issues for 1998," McConnell explains, "I think the issue first has to affect a lot of people. . . . And second it needs to be approached in a way that points out distinctions between the parties." This is political common sense, but it has often been lost on Republicans over the last three years. First, the congressional GOP drew distinctions on issues that either no one cared about (ice delivery for congressmen, Congressional Budget Office scoring of deficit plans) or that affected a lot of people the wrong way (Medicare), then it worked to obliterate all distinctions whatsoever. McConnell offers a Third Way, and will no doubt be dogged in pursuing it—as those newspaper articles on his

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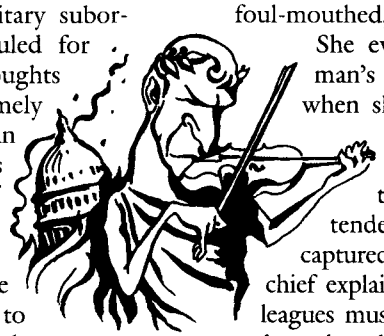
BREAD & CIRCUSES

DEMI Moore tried to enlist the Commander-in-Chief in her battle to win the Navy's cooperation in filming *G. I. Jane*, but her phone call was rerouted to the Pentagon. Mike McCurry later explained that the President regretted having missed her call about the movie, "particularly when he heard that it would feature her in a diving uniform."

President Clinton's military subordinates would be keelhauled for voicing such lecherous thoughts about Miss Moore's comely character, Navy Lt. Jordan O'Neil, in Walt Disney's cartoonish depiction of gender-integrated special-operations training. In fact, Navy personnel are under specific instructions to express no thoughts at all about the top-grossing movie. Many military men have inadvertently joined the boycott against the Disney Company by refusing to see *G. I. Jane*, and public-affairs officers will merely explain mechanically that the Navy refused to provide technical assistance because the movie represents an "unrealistic portrayal of today's Navy."



But it apparently does depict Pat Schroeder's Navy. Danielle Alexandra, *G. I. Jane*'s screenwriter, explains that she got the idea for the movie at President Clinton's inauguration in 1993, when she had a conversation with then-Rep. Patricia Schroeder about the rigorous training Navy SEALs undergo.

Women having already integrated combat aircraft and surface warships, the feminists' next assault is ground combat. The elite Navy SEALs are a prime target, because SEALs are subjected to the most arduous training of any unit in the military. Historically, 70 per cent of the physically superior young sailors who qualify for SEAL training fail to complete the 25-week course. To carry out their covert special-operations missions, SEALs must be expert ocean swimmers and divers, accomplished parachutists, and lethal ground commandos.

In the movie's only plausible plot line, a nominee for Secretary of the Navy who is intimidated by a female senator agrees to integrate SEAL training in exchange for his confirmation. Enter Demi Moore, stage left.

Plucked from a Pentagon computer terminal, Miss Moore's Lt. O'Neil reports to the training base and morphs into a shaven-headed, cigar-chomping, foul-mouthed, mud-covered—man. She even claims part of a man's anatomy as her own when she curses her master chief for viciously beating her during a training exercise intended to replicate being captured by the enemy. The chief explains that her male colleagues must inure themselves to the vulnerability of the bloodied Lt. O'Neil in order not to endanger their own lives.

Although the military does not permit the gross mistreatment of trainees depicted in the movie, the gender-integrated training for potential POWs does indeed include simulated torture. SERE (Survival, Evasion, Resistance, Escape) trainers were worried when they saw how negatively male students responded to the simulated torture of female students. SERE staff concluded that the men in their charge must be desensitized to women in pain. If movie audiences are made uncomfortable by the failure of Jordan O'Neil's male comrades to come to her aid as she is pummeled with her hands tied behind her back, they should bear in mind that one mission of Pat Schroeder's Navy is to condition men to do nothing when women in their ranks are brutalized.

In Disney's account, Lt. O'Neil insists on being judged by exactly the same standards as her male fellow trainees. In reality, today's military uses gender-normed scores on physical tests to account for the fact that women lack the strength and speed of men. The history of gender integration in the services reveals that if an embarrassing number of women can't perform a task, the task is changed.

Some years ago, Navy studies of emergency shipboard tasks revealed that only 12 per cent of women could perform the critical two-person stretcher-carry test. The carry was changed to a four-person task. Marine Corps tests show that 45 per cent of female Marines can't throw a grenade beyond the burst radius. The feasibility of lighter grenades is being studied. In the late Seventies, the Army developed strength tests for specific jobs. However, when it transpired that the tests would have excluded women from about 70 per cent of the Army's jobs, the tests were never implemented.

If the job can't be changed, and the test can't be dropped, scores are gender-normed to mask the difference in performance between men and women. In the Navy's physical-readiness exam, female sailors can meet the minimum requirement by performing 11 per cent fewer sit-ups and 53 per cent fewer push-ups, and by running a mile and a half 27 per cent slower than male sailors.

Yet military men, like those in *G. I. Jane*, who know that their lives depend on the speed and strength of their colleagues are portrayed as sexist pigs for not welcoming the slower and weaker into their ranks. Dual standards are fatal to combat effectiveness and crushing to morale, but the critics are muzzled. The military services' definition of sexual harassment includes any negative comments concerning gender-normed standards.

THE Navy agreed to integrate combat ships to atone for the mistreatment of women by naval aviators at the Tailhook bacchanal. Feminists argued that the aviators' debauchery was possible only because women in the Navy weren't seen as fully equal. In *G. I. Jane*, Hollywood celebrates a woman's debasement as a triumph of women's equality.

Last year, perky Meg Ryan led a combat unit in *Courage under Fire*; this year Demi Moore conquers the SEALs. The women-as-warriors trilogy will be complete next year when Air Force Lt. Kelly Flinn's adulterous tale hits the screen. Hollywood might then consider *G. I. Jane II*, a courtroom drama chronicling Lt. Jordan O'Neil's sexual-harassment lawsuit against the President for that crack about the diving suit. —KATE O'BEIRNE

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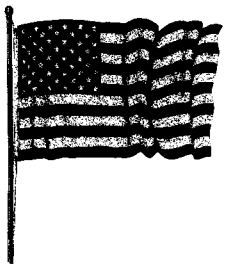

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ON THE SCENE

Princess for a Day

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

LONDON

THE spring has gone out of the year," said an ancient Greek general, mourning the loss of young soldiers: and that was very much the mood in London last week, most affecting, I thought, at the beginning, when the gestures were still quite spontaneous. Buckingham Palace was largely for tourists: Kensington Palace, where Princess Diana had lived, was the place for Londoners. Television was not enough; you really had to see it for yourself—the thousands upon thousands of flowers, the policemen gently shepherding, a few people crying, cynics astonished at their own inability to remain unmoved.

In a lifetime of London occasions—VE Day, the coronation of Queen Elizabeth, the ill-omened fireworks-starred night before the Prince of Wales's wedding—I have never seen anything like it. Gazing at the widening lake of flowers, one could not but ponder the magnitude of the Palace establishment's mistake in its handling of the Diana problem. "She is a controversial figure," was the best they would say about her only a few weeks ago. Some controversy! And still, now, they were getting it wrong.

Incredibly, just a few hours after her death, the young princes were taken to a church service in which (presumably following consultation) Diana was not mentioned and there was a jokey sermon about the discomforts of moving house. A stiff upper lip, some argued. I was reminded of Dr. Johnson's crushing retort to a similarly banal comment: "No, sir! Stark insensitivity."

Each step toward the national mood—the flag over Buckingham Palace, the Queen's return to London and her appearance on television, the walk among the crowd—had, it seemed, to be forced out of the senior members of the royal family as the scale of what was happening became clear. The real difficulty, of course, lay in people's belief that the Queen and the Queen Mother had not liked Diana; so the Palace was trapped between charges of hypocrisy and of uncaring.

The arrangements were changed repeatedly as the phenomenon grew. Did anything else happen in the world during those first few days? If so, the British people never learned of it. Almost all television and radio channels were cleared for continuous repetitive news bulletins and encomia. Gradually some other items were allowed in, with elegiac music substituted for light programs and thrillers replaced by goody-goody films such as *Lassie Come Home* and *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*. This broadcast-fascism irritated me, but most people apparently did not mind.

Some, though, have been shocked by the whole orgy of mourning. They saw it as un-British, maudlin, embarrassing, even dangerous, a symbol of how the country has changed—for the worse. The analogies which came to mind were the deaths of Eva Perón and Grace Kelly: and, although the British crowds were marvelously quiet and well conducted, they were not altogether unlike those we have watched overthrow regimes. What would have happened if Camilla Parker Bowles or, worse, the Prince's friends who had whispered against Diana, had strayed among them? Almost certainly nothing. But one sees the peril.

The only anger expressed at the beginning was against the paparazzi, in which what one might call the Palace Guard—a mingling of courtiers, decent old-fashioned loyalists, and sycophants—eagerly joined, urging new privacy laws and curbs on the media in general. They blame the press for ever prying into the troubles of the royal marriage. They seem to have forgotten that what they called "lying gossip" had proved true and the official statements false; and that it was Diana herself who, as though pushing a message through the bars, revealed her plight as "the Prisoner of Wales."

Her relationship with the royal-watching journalists (as distinct from the paparazzi) was close and cordial: and truthfully, despite her brother's bitterness, she had more in common with the mid-market tabloids than with the stodgy *Daily Telegraph*. The legend they created between them is of a vulnerable young girl, whisked from the color of ordinary life into a cold grey palace, married to a man who didn't love her and then treated with callous disregard by officials and by her husband's family.

Her death has 'no constitutional significance,' according to an expert, which is correct but absurd.

Unfair? Perhaps. But she thought it true, which in a sense makes it true. The more popular she became, the more jealous the Palace Guard became: and, after the divorce, it humiliated her with petty changes of title and status.

Her death has "no constitutional significance," according to a constitutional expert; which is correct but absurd. While it removes any ecclesiastical objection to Charles's remarriage, it also ren-

Mr. Lejeune is NR's longtime London correspondent.

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ders such a marriage inconceivable, at least for a long while. The public would not tolerate the coronation of a Queen Camilla or her position as a stepmother to Diana's children. Although the Left is ruthlessly trying to hijack the national mood, Diana's death has sparked no republican feeling in Britain. She herself was very much a monarchist, anxious that her elder son should succeed to the Throne. If I were Col. Sapt advising a Ruritanian prince, I would urge Charles to renounce his claim and retire to Scotland with Camilla. Prince William, inheriting some of his mother's glamour and her devotees' affection, would have a special legitimacy in people's hearts.

The *Daily Mail* (again provoking the fury of the Palace Guard) ran a front-page picture of the Prince of Wales, captioned: "Charles Weeps Bitter Tears of Guilt." Does he feel guilty? Who knows? But certainly the Palace and its advisors need to think carefully about the implications of what has happened. They, "like the base Indian, threw a pearl away richer than all his tribe"; they also roused in Diana an unconquerable enchantress. Her magic, they said, would soon fade. It didn't. And now it never will.

Her life and death grew ever more extraordinary. The Fayed connection rendered everyone speechless. Inevitably, since her death, great emphasis has been laid on her "good causes," but the beatification of Diana can be misleading. Of course she was compassionate and knew how to touch people, metaphorically and literally. But she could never have worked her magic if she had not been—beautiful, yes, but also incomparably photogenic and stylishly dressed. Her strength also lay in her very public unhappiness, which made people reach out to her. By rights, the whole cast of the soap opera—"love rats" included—should have walked at her funeral.

I have long believed that, far from endangering the monarchy, she saved it by making it interesting again. The Palace Guard is now urging that this process should be reversed, that the royal family should retire behind secretive walls, emerging only for official events. I doubt if such withdrawal is either possible or desirable. Do we want a monarchy which survives only by being too dull for anyone to care about? Without the media, Diana might not have been killed, but she would not have been so greatly loved.

There is unlikely soon to be another Diana. Everybody agrees, although from opposite points of view, that something extraordinary has occurred which cannot be brushed aside. The Queen and those around her will have to consider the gulf which opened between the House of Windsor and its people, and they should, ideally, rethink the true nature of monarchy. It will not be easy, with the Palace Guard pulling in one direction and a vociferous legion of New Labourites, anti-traditionalists, insatiable modernizers, levelers, all the enemies of old England, pushing in the other. I only wish I were more confident that there was anyone within the Palace capable of guiding the debate. □

Broadcast Blackout

HAROLD E. JOHNSON

Frederick H. Carlson

LOS ANGELES

IT IS a sunny afternoon in Southern California, and the asphalt isn't the only thing giving off heat. Larry Elder, the black libertarian who hosts the "drive time" (3 to 7 P.M.) talk show on KABC radio, is offering homeward-bound motorists his patented intellectual sizzle—today training fire on a favorite target: racial preferences.

Steve from Los Angeles, himself an African-American, is steamed. "I'm not one to defend affirmative action," this caller says, "but Larry, there's nothing better on the books right now."

Elder doesn't miss a beat: Of course there is. It's called merit, Steve.

"Nobody is denying that thirty years ago it was difficult for a black to get in and move up in a corporation. The question is, in 1997, if I became a sales trainee at Texaco, do I have the same shot as my compadre who happens to be white?

"I happen to think so. Because I believe in Larry Elder. I don't know if you believe in Steve, but I believe in Larry Elder."

The host warms to the theme, switching on a recording of a bawling baby—Elder's representation for anyone, of any color, who subscribes to the psychology of entitlement.

He then deploys a more potent weapon, hard data.

"You compare like versus like—a black person who graduated from a particular school versus a white person who graduated with the same degree from the same kind of school. If they're both working for the same kind of company for the same number of years, you see no difference in incomes."

Elder concludes with a blast at the high priests of racial recrimination. "The civil-rights establishment won't tell you any of this," he says. "They love to talk about the fact that the average black person makes 52 cents on the dollar compared to the average white person. What a dumb, shallow, and lazy thing to say. A lot of blacks do not have the same quality of education as do whites. A lot of blacks have not gone into science, engineering, high-tech fields that are much higher paying. But when you compare like to like, there is no difference in income; indeed blacks earn slightly more. But nobody wants to hear about that."

'I don't know if you believe in Steve, but I believe in Larry Elder.'

Actually, a growing audience *is* hearing about it, as Larry Elder's four-hour teach-in with soul has grown to be one

Mr. Johnson is an editorial writer for the Orange Country Register.

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"All the Cruise That's Fit to Print"

The Bermuda

VOL. I . . . . No. 1
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HAMILTON, FRIDAY

National Review Announces 1998 Bermuda Cruise; Subscribers Set for Luxury Sail with Bork, D'Souza, Hume, Connerly, Charen, Rusher, Bozell, Leo, O'Sullivan, & O'Beirne

PANEL SESSIONS TO TARGET MEDIA BIAS, POLITICAL CORRECTNESS

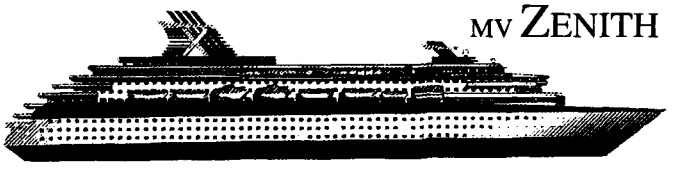
Magazine Selects Celebrity's Spectacular MV *Zenith* for *Bon Voyage* to Island Paradise; Exclusive Receptions, Golf Tourney Planned; Premier Cabins Going Fast

By SANDI BEECH
NR *Cruise Correspondent*

NEW YORK, Sept. 11—*National Review*'s Office of Cruise Affairs announced today that it has selected the island paradise of Bermuda as the destination for its spectacular, star-filled 1998 sea-faring voyage.

The National Review 1998 Bermuda Cruise, scheduled for May 23–30, 1998, will take place aboard Celebrity Cruises' MV *Zenith*, the stunning vessel labeled "indisputably gracious, airy, and comfortable" by Fodor's authoritative *Worldwide Cruises*.

Headlining what *NR* cruise "alumni" believe will be the magazine's best-yet sail are "some of the brightest stars in the conservative firmament," according to Publisher **Edward A. Capano**.



CELEBRITY'S FIVE-STAR SHIP WILL PAMPER *NATIONAL REVIEW*'S PASSENGERS WITH EVERY LUXURY AND AMENITY, FROM "A TO *ZENITH*."

Joining Editor **John O'Sullivan** and Washington Editor **Kate O'Beirne** on the magazine's seven-day Bermuda sail will be Judge **Robert Bork**, author **Dinesh D'Souza**, **Brit Hume**, the Managing Editor of FOX News Channel's D.C. bureau, **Ward Connerly**, leader in the fight against racial quotas, *U.S. News & World Report* columnist **John Leo**, syndicated columnist **Mona Charen**, former *NR* Publisher **William Rusher**, and Media Research Center founder **Brent Bozell**.

As has been the case on previous cruises, the ***National Review 1998 Bermuda Cruise*** will showcase a series of stimulating seminars, featuring editors and special guests, that, says Capano, "focus on the two issues which raise the most passion among conservatives—media bias and political correctness."

In addition to the seminars, the cruise will be the setting for a number of other exclusive events, including several cocktail receptions ("Always wonderful parties," says one *NR* official, "where our subscribers get to meet, mingle, and schmooze with our special guests").

Also on the agenda is another popular event which has become an *NR* cruise tradition: late-night poolside "smokers" featuring classic H. Upmann cigars and top-shelf cognac ("balmy breezes blowing, a star-filled sky overhead, a cigar in one hand, a snifter in the other, wonderful conversation with new-found friends and celebrities: you've got to experience for yourself how very special and unique our 'smokers' are," says Capano).

Seasoned travelers will know why *NR* officials selected Bermuda as the magazine's next cruise destination. "I've been there several times," says Capano, "and like a lot of people who keep coming back again and again to Bermuda, I don't know of another place that can match the island's unique combination of beauty, tradition, and style. There is so much to see and do there."

Graced by Mother Nature, Bermuda is famous for its turquoise waters, purple-flowered pawpaw trees, yellow-feathered kiskadee birds, pastel cottages painted lilac, lemon, and lime, the pink sands of Warwick Long Bay, an array of secluded beaches and hideaway coves. And then there's the island's British heritage: old-fashioned neighborhood pubs, "bobbies," town criers, and regimental guards in full regalia, cricket games, afternoon teas, and so much more.

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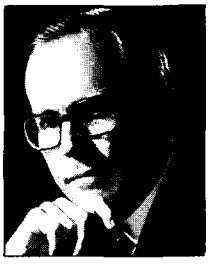
William Rusher

ISLAND NIGHTS FILLED WITH CONSERVATIVE STARS: the ***National Review 1998 Bermuda Cruise*** is your special opportunity to meet, dine, and schmooze with an all-star galaxy of luminaries. The cruise's seminars will serve as *the* hot spot for our speakers' special commentary and expertise on those two issues permanently embedded under conservative skins: political correctness and media bias.

"To sum it up," says Capano, "the ***National Review 1998 Bermuda Cruise*** will be a full week of warm, sunny days, balmy, star-filled nights, stimulating conversation, beautiful sights, private, sandy beaches, exhilarating social events, sumptuous cuisine, rest, relaxation, and conservative camaraderie and revelry."

And that's not all. Although the details have yet to be finalized, officials in *NR*'s Office of Cruise Affairs are also planning "at least one" golf tournament while on the island.

"How can you go to Bermuda, of all places, and not play golf?" one aide queried.

And how can you *not* go to Bermuda on the *Zenith*, which served as the vessel for *National Review*'s spectacular 1995 "40th Anniversary" cruise? Fodor's describes the ship's cabins as "modern and quite roomy," and the most choice staterooms, the suites, are "enormous" (each features a large sitting area, whirlpool bath, private butler service, and a host of other amenities!). The food is "superior" (indeed, Celebrity is renowned for having the best cuisine on the High Seas), the entertainment "lavish," the service "friendly and first-class," and the facilities are, well, endless: the *Zenith* has a complete spa and health club, oodles of bars, lounges, shops, pools (2), whirlpools (3), and a show room, casino, disco, card room, library, plus activities of all types and for all ages—just about *everything* you'd expect of a world-class vessel.

Prices for the ***National Review 1998 Bermuda Cruise***—which include participation in all *NR* seminars and social events, your stateroom, all meals, plus taxes, port fees, and gratuities—start at a low $2,295 per person. And if you sign up before November 30, 1997, *National Review* will give you an early booking discount of $100.00 per passenger.

As usual, "single" cabins are available, and if you wish to "share" a cabin with another person, *NR* will gladly play matchmaker and try to set you up with another right-minded "fellow traveler" (if you'll pardon the expression).

To get your FREE copy of the ***National Review 1998 Bermuda Cruise*** Information Kit, simply fill out and mail back the postage-free reply card next to this page (do it *today*—before the cabin of your choice is *gone*!).

Until next time, this has been Sandi Beech, *NR* Cruise Correspondent for *The Bermuda Triangle-Sun*.

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of the top-rated talk shows in Southern California. Besides his nonconformist views on race, listeners are hearing his free-marketeer's take on taxation ("Pass a 15 per cent flat tax—no deductions"), public-sector spending ("Cut it by 80 per cent—what does the Commerce Department or the Small Business Administration do, anyway?"), crime gangs ("Legalize drugs—that would free up 50 per cent of prison spaces, where we could lock up violent criminals"), education ("Get government out of it"), and employment ("Abolish the minimum wage and drop the Davis–Bacon Act"). Oh yes, he also has some thoughts about a certain local murder case: "O. J. Simpson is guilty as charged."

ELDER, 45, is armed with more than a quick wit and ready grasp of facts. His personal story gives his message authenticity, a school-of-the-streets edge. The "Sage from South Central," as he's known on the air, was raised in L.A.'s Crenshaw district, recently infamous as the site of the 1992 riots. His father held down two jobs, as a cook and a janitor. While his mother was a liberal Democrat, his dad was a Republican who preached hard work and self-discipline. Those qualities carried Elder to Brown and the University of Michigan Law School.

After stints as an attorney and a TV talk-show host in Cleveland, Elder got a break at KABC three years ago, in part thanks to lobbying by another host at the station, Dennis Prager. A self-described "passionist centrist," Prager was impressed with Elder's verve in delivering his central theme: racism has no effect on whether a person will succeed or fail.

It's a theme that makes Elder dangerous in some people's eyes. "To liberals, black conservatives or libertarians are like kryptonite," says entertainment-industry publicist Michael Levine. "They challenge stereotypes and conventional wisdom in which many people have an emotional and political investment."

Indeed, an angry group of black leftists based in South Central has initiated a campaign to get Elder off the air. One of the most urgent questions in Los Angeles, and everywhere where open dialogue is valued, is whether they'll be able to force a mainstream media outlet to pull a successful host off the air because he doesn't toe the official black party line.

Members of the shadowy "Talking Drum Community Forum," as the anti-Elder brigade is called, have made the group's position venomously clear: Elder is a purveyor of "hate speech," "an adversary of the black community." Elder recounts how, after one Talking Drum flier "accused me of all sorts of horrific and sordid things, I took it and read part of it on the air to show how ridiculous it was. Well, lo and behold, the group recorded me reading it, and now you can call a number and hear *me* saying blacks are dumb, blacks are stupid, and so forth."

Although KABC officials won't discuss advertising matters publicly, independent sources report that Elder's show has been abandoned by a number of large advertisers since the boycott began, including airlines, banks, and major supermarket chains. "The station has lost millions over this," Ray Richmond of *Daily Variety* told me. "If Disney (which bought KABC, along with the rest of the Capitol Cities–ABC empire, a year after Elder came on the air) has an inclination to pull the show, the results of this campaign certainly will provide a financial incentive and a bottom-line excuse."

The Talking Drum crowd doesn't speak for everyone in the black community. A few prominent civic leaders in South Los Angeles, including Joe Hicks of the Multicultural Collaborative and John Mack of the Urban League, have insisted on the importance of allowing Elder's perspective to be aired. "A lot of blacks are sneaking to hear Larry," Hicks told an interviewer.

Nevertheless, L.A.'s usually loquacious black politicians have not raised their voices in defense of Elder's embattled program. Scowling Rep. Maxine Waters, for instance, has been promiscuously hurling the epithet "racist" at white politicians for over a decade, since the days when she was a freshman member of the California Legislature, and there is no evidence that she wants to be deprived of the rhetoric of resentment now.

"Many blacks believe that the power of being victims has brought them programs they believe they must have, such as welfare without work," author Shelby Steele, a noted black critic of affirmative action, told the independent tabloid, *Los Angeles New Times*. "When Larry Elder says, 'We blacks are not going to get much further than we take ourselves, and white racism does not explain most of our problems,' he threatens the entire source of power that the black civil-rights establishment is based upon."

"You've just heard the word" is how Larry Elder jauntily closes his commentaries. A lot is riding on whether listeners in one of the nation's most important media markets will be allowed to continue hearing it. □

Ire Land

KEVIN MYERS

DUBLIN

FIVE years after he retired as Irish prime minister, or Taoiseach, Charles Haughey, the most controversial politician in Ireland over the past half-century, is now disgraced, a figure of contempt and a symbol of unutterable sleaze. His entire career has been dedicated to the acquisition of power, money, and a place in the history books. All that beckons now is poverty and maybe even a prison cell as he faces prosecution for receiving $2-million backhanders from a supermarket tycoon and for perjury before the Irish equivalent of a grand jury. It is all, in fact, GUBU.

Conor Cruise O'Brien invented the term GUBU in 1983, after Haughey had called the discovery of a young serial killer hiding in the flat of the government attorney general he had appointed "grotesque, unbelievable, bizarre, and unprecedented." The term GUBU stuck, and stayed, and finally outlasted Haughey's career itself. It will be the epitaph of a man who saw himself as both a Tammany ward-boss and the Soul of the Nation.

He fancied himself an Irish chieftain of old, cultivating an aura of kingly gravity.

Mr. Myers is a columnist for the Irish Times.

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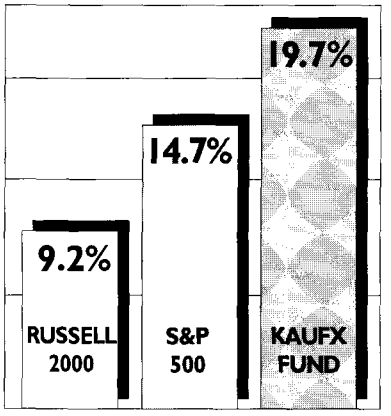

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Charles J. Haughey always behaved like a king who was above the laws of the common folk; there was no hypocrisy too breath-taking for him. In the 1980s, he entered an informal alliance with the Catholic Church, helping foist on Ireland laws that made it an imprisonable offense for an unmarried person to buy condoms, and campaigned for constitutional bans on all divorce and abortion, meanwhile philandering often and ostentatiously. Pure GUBU.

He was heir to a dynasty which was founded one Sunday morning in November 1920, when IRA gunmen shot dead a Captain Baggelly, a one-legged and unarmed veteran of the Great War, in his Dublin lodgings. Eighteen other British officers were murdered that morning by assassins nicknamed The Squad. The Baggelly murder was exceptional—the killer, Sean Lemass, would one day become Irish premier and also father-in-law to Charles Haughey.

In later years, Lemass built the ward machinery of the newly emergent Fianna Fail party on the lines of The Squad, secrecy, loyalty, and unquestioning obedience to the party boss being the keynotes. Jobs went to friends and family. Control was remorseless but outwardly genial and gregarious. Behind the blarney lay steel.

The ambitious and intellectually brilliant young Charles Haughey, whose origins were modest in the extreme, spotted and courted Lemass's daughter Maureen at University College, Dublin, in the late 1940s. They married in 1951. Within ten years he had become minister of justice, appointed by his father-in-law—the prime minister and former assassin, Sean Lemass.

Squad culture was now at the heart of the Irish economy, which was decided upon, as once had been life and death, by a caucus in a smoke-filled room. The rewards—state favors and juicy contracts—went to party loyalists. Tammany had come home with a vengeance, but even by the loose standards of a squad culture, Haughey's accumulation of wealth was spectacular. He bought an extraordinary Gandon mansion with vast parkland outside Dublin. It is now worth $40 million. He began riding to hounds, living the life of the very Anglo-Irish lords he affected to detest. Questions were of course asked. They were of course never answered.

When Northern Ireland erupted in violence in 1969, the Republic was convulsed by an atavistic wave of support for Northern Catholics, and the Irish Parliament voted them $150,000. Charles Haughey was put in charge of it, and most of it promptly vanished, ending up in the coffers either of the newly emergent Provisional IRA or of the arms merchants. Haughey was brought to trial, and a senior civil servant told the court of Haughey's attempts to import guns illegally for use in Northern Ireland. He was acquitted, but his political career appeared to be in ruins.

But with a ferocious single-mindedness, he began to claw his way back up the party ladder. After nine years in the wilderness, he overthrew Jack Lynch, the man who had caused him to be charged. Haughey was now prime minister and leader of Fianna Fail. He sent a dead duck to a Lynch loyalist's home. Attached to it was a card with sinister Baggelly resonances. It read: "Shot on Sunday."

Roman Genn

As prime minister, Charles Haughey spent lavishly. He fancied himself an Irish chieftain of old, dispensing patronage to the arts, and cultivating an aura of kingly gravity. Meanwhile he set the Irish police on party opponents. Journalists reporting the dissension had their phones tapped and were threatened. Haughey, almost demented with egomania, made his cabinet swear an oath of personal loyalty to himself, and democracy itself seemed in danger.

Haughey was in and out of office through the 1980s—loved by some, detested by others. His spectacular lifestyle—helicopters, a yacht, a private island with another luxurious house—defied comprehension then. Now it appears that Haughey governments between 1979 and 1991 made a number of secret Squad-like decisions which directly benefited an elite band of Haughey-backing millionaires. Key figures in the beef trade, the stock market, and property benefited from some extraordinary government decisions which did not go unrewarded.

At this time, Haughey's lawful income was no more than $150,000 a year. His outgoings were those of a multi-millionaire. It was GUBU indeed. But by 1987, even he was running out of money. Key businessmen were approached for further contributions—one being Ben Dunne, a supermarket tycoon, who obliged, pumping $2 million into secret illegal offshore accounts held in Haughey's name.

Six years ago Ben Dunne went on a golfing trip to Florida, where he availed himself of local hospitality in the shape of a hooker and a few lines of coke. Dunne then decided to stand on his balcony and threaten to take wing from the 17th story of the hotel. Management, no doubt anxious to avoid guests' being felled by 240 pounds of plummeting Irish tycoon, called the police. Dunne was arrested and charged with possession of drugs.

This was the thread that unraveled the entire GUBU story of Charles Haughey, for it caused Ben Dunne's terrifying, Mass-going teetotal sister Margaret Heffernan to depose Ben as company chairman. Her accountants went through the books; and right in the middle was this huge black hole. Money to Haughey. And not just to Haughey but to numerous members of his family—even his brother Eoin, a priest, was slipped $3,000 to say Masses.

Like Nixon's, Haughey's downfall was caused not so much by the initial crime, but by the attempted cover-up. Haughey lied to a judicial tribunal created to inquire into the Dunne money, and was rumbled. His perjury could cost him $3 million in legal fees and two years' imprisonment.

But he is not alone in this picture. The popular mood is angry, and various lesser politicians are coming under scrutiny. Demands are growing for a legal inquiry on the scale of a congressional hearing into sleaze in Irish politics over the past thirty years. It could be an extremely uncomfortable time for many politicians, both serving and retired. Those so disposed might well see the ghost of Captain Baggelly finally haunting the political system which arose from his murder. GUBU indeed. □

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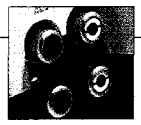

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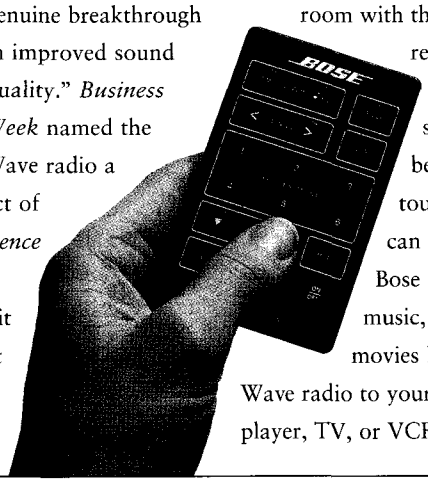

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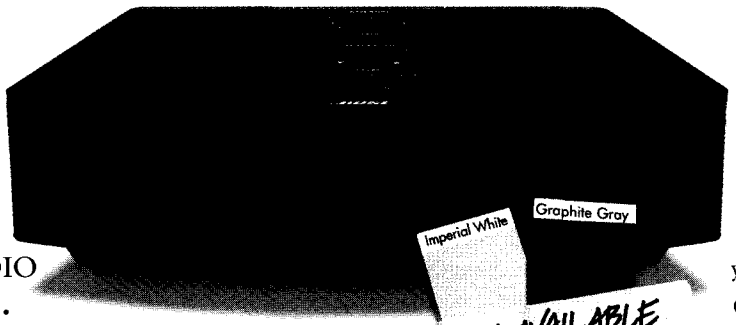

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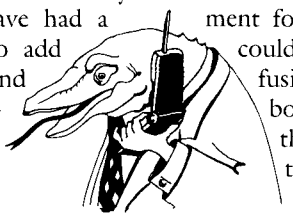
GEKKO

ONE of the few victories I had this year in my losing war against the paper flooding into my office was over brokerage-house recommendations for Japanese "exporter" stocks. These all wound up in the recycling bag. The brokers have had a hard time finding ways to add value, i.e., commissions, and this one seemed like a no-brainer. As with most no-brainers, this one is going to turn out to be a mess.



The idea was that while the Japanese stock market as a whole, as measured by the Nikkei 225, was going nowhere, the devaluation of the yen and corporate restructuring would lead to huge gains in the major Japanese exporters such as Sony, Hitachi, Toyota, etc. Once again, though, the investors have turned out to be hostages to the assumptions of securities analysts so marvelously focused that they had no idea what was going on in the rest of the world.

In this case, the problem was the unnoticed dependence of the exporters on the Southeast Asian markets. These countries, which have changed from frightening tigers into kittens in a sack, have been buying some 40 per cent of Japanese exports. In recent years, as prices boomed beyond their means, the obliging Japanese banks fronted them some $275 billion to finance their purchases. This past year, though, they had second thoughts about their acts of faith, and started to cut back on their lending to the region. So even as the Asian leaders continued to sneer at the decadence and irrelevance of American civilization, they were having the ground cut out from beneath them.

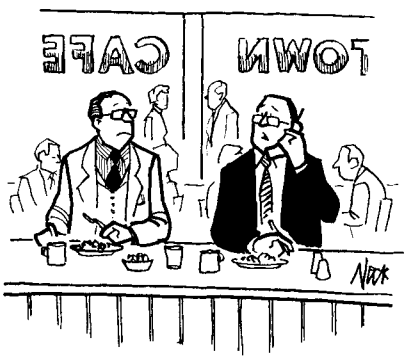
Of course, it is unbecoming to laugh up our sleeves at their vanishing arrogance about "Asian values," tempting though that might be. The Japanese are now under even more pressure to devalue the yen against the dollar, as well as the European currencies. It's not that Japan needs more export surpluses, but it does need to keep its factories busy while the Hashimoto government continues with a restrictive fiscal policy.

The ultimate risk is that the Southeast Asian devaluations are just the beginning of a series of competitive devaluations. What was a short-term adjustment for a few regional economies could turn into a worldwide diffusion of the beggar-thy-neighbor policies that we last saw in the 1930s. The next region that seems to want to devalue its way into prosperity is the European Union.

■ As regular readers are aware, we at NATIONAL REVIEW are firm in our belief that European Monetary Union, should it happen, would be a disaster. The other editors are mostly focused on EMU's potential to destroy the Atlantic Alliance. I have concentrated on the baleful economic effects. If the French state has its way, these would include an attack on American hegemony through competitive devaluation. That wouldn't be the first time central planners had brought about a worldwide calamity.

The currency and fixed-income markets have shown a remarkable complacency about the prospects for EMU. If you look at the EMU fever charts, such as the spreads between different European government bond rates, or short-term interest rates, the markets appear to think that currency union will happen in 1999. Maybe my friends and I are wrong—we also thought Dr. Kevorkian wouldn't be allowed to stay in business. But we think that the traders are overestimating the likelihood of European Monetary Union. For example, the operating assumption among EMU proponents is that the pro-EMU German coalition will hang together. And yet a critical pillar of that government is the Christian Social Union in Bavaria, whose *de facto* leader, Premier Edmund Stoiber, is organizing a broad-based cabal opposed to EMU. At the same time, the Bundesbank, a substantially more popular institution than the government coalition, is threatening to raise German interest rates, and almost certainly would if the Deutsche Mark fell to 1.9 to the dollar. Since the French are strongly opposed to any rise in rates, that means that a move of less than a nickel in the dollar/DM rate would lead to a political crisis.

A crisis for the European bureaucrats, that is, but an occasion for public celebration on the part of American free-traders. For the next few months, high-rolling hedge funds would be well advised to bet on volatility in the European currencies and bond spreads.



"You put all your eggs in one basket, failed to bring home the bacon, and now you're toast."

■ There may be a ray of light for those gold bugs who have not been stepped on by the giant sellers. In August, a sharp rally began in a number of diamond exploration stocks, including SouthernEra and Kalahari. This was the first time any such exploration companies have attracted any interest since the highly educational implosion of the Bre-X fraud earlier this year. One swallow does not make a spring, but in the past, diamond stock rallies have often preceded a rally in gold-exploration shares.

■ I have to say that my Wall Street people handed me bit of a letdown in the week after Princess Diana's passing. Usually, there is no event so tragic that it doesn't bring out an avalanche of tasteless jokes on the trading floors. Maybe my friends have suddenly turned sensitive, but I doubt it. It is possible, though, that the new surveillance software that is now connected to the lawyer-mandated monitoring devices on traders' phone lines is programmed to pick up incorrect humor. In addition to detecting verboten sales pitches, the compliance computers now have the ability to pick up sexist jokes, including those about our New Age Goddess.

—JOHN DIZARD

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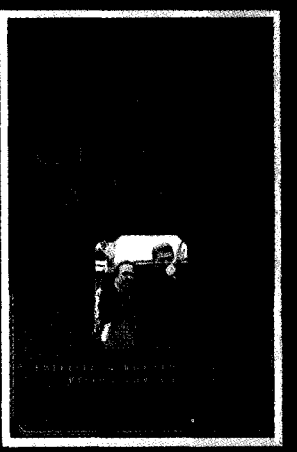

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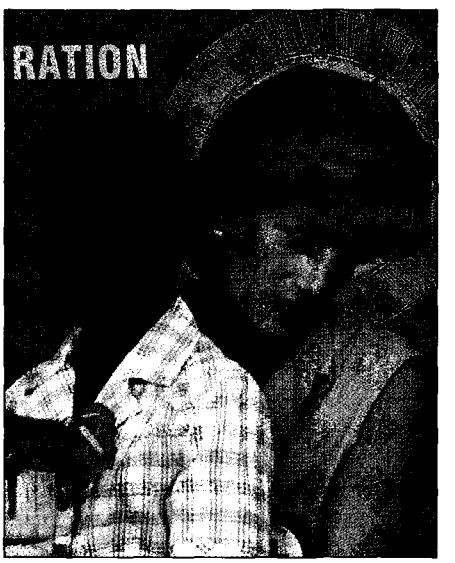
NEW-AGE SAINT

The Transfiguration of Diana

Whatever might otherwise have become of the Princess of Wales, she is now forever young, forever beautiful, forever a reproach to the un-Oprahfied in Britain.

MARK STEYN

IN THE early Eighties, back in my disc-jockey days, the program director called us all in and announced revisions to the Death of the Monarch procedure—a grand name for what was more or less just a dusty tape of solemn music sitting within easy reach in every radio and TV studio in the Commonwealth. It was felt that we needed to distinguish between core Royals—the Queen, the Queen Mother—who merited the full back-to-back-requiems treatment, and peripheral minor duchesses, for whom something melodious but respectful like "Greensleeves" or Pachelbel's Canon would suffice. Painstakingly, we worked our way down the list, until someone asked, "And what about the Princess of Wales?"



"Oh," said a voice from the back of the room, "just bung on the new Wham! album."

As things turned out, by the time she died 15 years later, George Michael had left Wham!, citing artistic differences, and the Princess had left the Royal Family, apparently for much the same reasons. But, otherwise, my friend had proved surprisingly prescient. There is no protocol covering the sudden, violent death of the beautiful ex-wife of the heir to the throne, but broadcasters throughout Her Majesty's realms reached a quick consensus. In Québec, where I happened to be that Sunday morning, radio stations lapsed, en masse, into the likes of Elton John's "Candle in the Wind" and Eric Clapton's "Tears in Heaven"—lachrymose ballads by Di's rock-star pals about others who had died far too young: in Clapper's case, the infant son who plunged to his death from the star's Manhattan apartment; in Elton's, Marilyn Monroe, that other tragic, doomed blonde "icon," whose cult seems likely to prove a mere warmup for Diana's. In between songs, listeners called up, sobbing, to hail Diana as the people's princess, an "angel of mercy," a "saint," a "beacon of light in a dark world," and then to denounce the Prince and the rest of his heartless, dysfunctional, untouchy-unfeely family who had been so resentful of her healing powers. The radio hosts, also tearful, heartily agreed and then invariably played Bryan Adams's "Everything I Do (I Do for You)." In taking her leave of us, the Princess of Wales had finally, triumphantly slipped free of the last restraints of Royal convention: in ways no Death of the Monarch procedure could ever devise, it was a fitting send-off—the same peculiar combination of intensity, sincerity, and tackiness as the Princess herself.

Somewhere in the attic, I still have my copy of the Death of the Monarch tape, even dustier now. But I don't suppose I or anybody else will get a chance to use it. Diana's death transformed her own image, but it also transformed her former in-laws. And, just as Elton and Sting so effortlessly supplanted Mozart and Beethoven, so, in the days that followed, protocol after protocol came tumbling down. On Britain's palaces, no flag is flown unless the Sovereign is in residence, and then only the Royal standard. As the Queen and her family were at Balmoral, the flagpole at Buckingham Palace was bare. But, day by day, the crowds milling around what they had begun to call the "ice palace" grew more and more affronted by it, and on Thursday the Queen caved in, ordering an unprecedented Union Jack run up the pole of her empty residence just so that it could be lowered to half-mast to appease the mob. Commonwealth governments around the world, equally uncertain what to do with their flags, phoned the Palace for advice, and were promptly abused by columnists and call-in shows for consulting the reviled House of Windsor rather than the people. By the end of the week, the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Prince of Wales had been flushed out of their castle and forced to walk around outside the gates, inspecting the mounds of flowers and trying to look sufficiently distraught. For their pains, they were denounced by disaffected

Mr. Steyn is film critic for The Spectator *and theater critic for* The New Criterion.

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subjects back in London as "hypocrites . . . makes yer sick, dunnit?"

A revolution took place in Britain that first week of September. Unlike the ones in France and Russia, the masses did not rise up and kill the Royal Family. Instead, they have determined to subject them to a living death—in which everything they say, everything they do will be measured against Diana and found wanting; in which they will be stalked forever by those big, reproachful, kohl-ringed eyes. After the divorce, the Royal Family's strategy with the Princess of Wales was to sit her out, in the sure knowledge that, over time, her public would drift away, and she would come to seem a pathetic figure, as did the Duke of Windsor and, far more quickly, the Duchess of York—an object lesson for Royals in how to be *too* human. From the Palace's point of view, it seemed a safe enough bet: in July, the Princess had been seen comforting a weeping Elton John and his lover at the grisly memorial service for Gianni Versace; in August, in between Mediterranean cruises, she had returned to Britain for what she hoped would be a quiet consultation with her favorite psychic—for which, in order to avoid drawing attention to herself, she landed in the middle of her clairvoyant's small Derbyshire village in a helicopter accompanied by her millionaire playboy Arab lover, whereupon she was spotted by a little girl with a camera whom she told to go away. Eventually, the Queen's courtiers reasoned, all but hardcore Diana groupies would weary of this sort of thing. At some point, all soap operas exhaust themselves, as their zig-zagging plot twists come to seem increasingly arbitrary, implausible, and unmotivated. What none of those wily courtiers foresaw was that the erratic hairpin bends of the Princess's last months were careening toward one spectacular blowout of a series finale. A few days before her death, Earl Howe, a Conservative foreign-affairs spokesman, attacked her as a "loose cannon." Well, she's a fixed cannon now—forever young, forever tragic, forever beautiful—and she's firmly targeted on Buckingham Palace.

THE first battleground was the funeral. As *Entertainment Tonight*—these days a more reliable guide to Royal engagements than the Court Circular—put it, "From Elton John to George Michael, new details on who's been invited . . ." Traditionally, "who's been invited" to a Royal funeral is a list made up of His Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Luxembourg, His Royal Highness Prince Michael of Kent, the Earl of Ulster, His Excellency the Governor-General of Papua New Guinea, the High Commissioner for Tonga, the Lord Chamberlain, Silver Stick in Waiting, etc. But let's face it, compared to your favorite pop stars, they're just a bunch of yawneroos. So, instead, the Queen found herself having to invite Elton John. He announced that he'd be singing "Candle in the Wind," his ode to Marilyn now rewritten as an ode to Diana. In place of "Goodbye, Norma Jean," it would now begin "Goodbye, England's rose . . ."

What happened in Paris that Saturday night is, for a society determined by precedent, bewilderingly unprecedented. Royals have been killed in accidents before—the Princess died a quarter-century almost to the day after poor forgotten Prince William of Gloucester's plane fell from the skies in an air race. But no Royal death has been so bizarrely attuned to the spirit of the age. August is the "silly season" in the British press, and, this year as every year, the Princess had done her bit for her chums in the media, embarking on a dizzying summer romance that sent Fleet Street into full-scale remarriage speculation and brought an extravagant array of her lover's ex-girlfriends tumbling out of the cupboard. A good time was had by all. On the very last day of the silly season, when the Queen's subjects woke to the news that Diana was dead, it seemed in some strange way the best plot twist of all. "I didn't think it was real," a friend told me sadly. Most Diana stories aren't: the soft-porn video, allegedly taped by MI-5, in which she and Major Hewitt enjoyed what Fleet Street calls a "romp," ran for days in the London tabloids and even on national TV news bulletins before it was revealed to be just a couple of look-alikes in a sketch for a comedy show. And, as the day dragged on, many TV viewers half expected a similar "retraction," or "clarification." Only gradually did people realize that their queen of hearts had, in fact, had only one, and its ruptured pulmonary vein could not be put together again. "I didn't feel sad at first," another woman told me on Tuesday. "But I can't stop crying now."

Before her death, Diana was a complicated figure. Death streamlined her: now there was only the luminous angel who walked among her people.

And so the grief intensified, and the bereavement-junkies multiplied, and Diana, Princess of Wales, gradually metamorphosed into what one tribute outside her home called "Our New Saint Diana, Canonized By The People If Not By The Pope." Before her death, Diana was a complicated figure, offering something for everyone: there was the slightly dim supermodel and the Royal rock groupie; the tireless super-mum and the vulnerable single mother; and, best of all, the manipulative suicidal bulimic neurotic with the highest staff turnover in London. Death streamlined her: now there was only the luminous angel who walked among her people bestowing love. A man with AIDS said he would have been dead two years ago had Diana not touched him; a three-year-old visited by Diana while in a coma had a miraculous recovery and has now left his best teddy outside Kensington Palace; a nine-year-old being treated for heart disease said that Diana had visited her ten times and had offered to do the family's washing if they'd just drop it round at the Palace. For some, a world without the Saint was too much to bear: there were reports of at least two "Diana-related" suicides.

No one could doubt the sincerity of the people's reaction. But their sincerity did not make it any less repellent. The supposedly reserved, bloodless Brits had, like the Princess, swallowed wholesale the vocabulary of American Oprahfied psychobabble, a depressing enough prospect. But they had fused it with the brutish vulgarity of modern British mass culture to create a truly horrible mutant: aggressive empathy. Their message to their Sovereign was in essence: If you can't come out and feel our pain, we'll give you some of your own

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to feel. Through a spokesman, the Queen protested to the British people that she was not indifferent to their grief.

Hang on: *She's* not indifferent to *their* grief? The Queen, who had known Diana Spencer since she was a little girl, has to prove that she grieves as much as people who have never met her? On the one hand, the masses disdain the paparazzi for intruding into the privacy of their beloved Princess; on the other, the masses are quite happy metaphorically to storm Balmoral and intrude on the most private moments of all—the right of a family to grieve in their own way for someone close to them. In the week after Diana's death, the moral decay of the British people plumbed new depths. At least the paparazzi, in their own crazed fashion, were seeking something objective: a photograph of two lovers canoodling. The mournerazzi who flooded London were demanding only that those who knew the real Diana sign on to the approved myths: Diana was the queen of hearts, her mother-in-law is a Queen with no heart; Diana was a warm mother, Charles is a cold father. Were they? Who really knows?

In the week after Diana's death, the moral decay of the British people plumbed new depths.

Once upon a time, we were more mature: we knew enough to know we didn't know the Royal Family. You don't have to go back a century, just to that long-ago day before yesterday before Lady Diana came along. In the years immediately after the Queen's Silver Jubilee in 1977, the Royal Family were more popular than ever—and no one knew a thing about them. In popular mythology, they could muster a trait apiece—the Queen Mother was supposed to like to play the ponies, Princess Margaret was rumored to be a bit of a tippler—but even these had no reliable confirmation: in her 97 years, the Queen Mum has barely uttered three words in public; no one outside her circle knows what her voice sounds like.

But we all know Di. Like millions of others, I was a Close, Intimate, Personal Friend—that is to say, I met her briefly three and a half times. The "half" was a chance encounter at Launceston Place, a restaurant near our respective pads in Kensington: she was there to lunch with an old pal, I to lunch with my editor; obviously, we had both asked for discreet tables, so they had seated us back to back at the end of an otherwise empty room. We didn't say much apart from a quick "Hello" and her apologies when she put her chair on the back of my trailing coat and tugged my own seat out from under me. I liked her girlish voice and orgasmic giggle. I know it doesn't compare with the personal note she sent to Barbara Walters, which Barbara has been reluctantly revealing for the first time every hour on the hour on ABC. But I mention it because the Princess wasn't known for physical comedy, and you'd have thought that some of the diners in the adjoining room might have paused at least to note the incident. But they couldn't have cared less. We left at the same time: outside, the street was deserted; she got into her car and went home.

My point is a simple one: she wasn't always being hounded. It's not difficult for anyone to live a relatively undisturbed Royal existence. Almost everyone apart from Diana did. But a conventional Royal life wasn't enough for her. Elton John's rewritten "Candle in the Wind" spoke of how "your footsteps will always fall here,/Along England's greenest hills." If so, it'll be the first time since her schooldays. She never showed the slightest interest in England's greenest hills—or, anyway, not when compared to Switzerland's whitest alps and the Caribbean's sunniest beaches and the Côte d'Azur's swankiest yachts. When her friend Versace was murdered, it was said that he had fused the worlds of fashion, rock, and movies. The Princess fused the worlds of fashion, rock, movies—and Royalty. What mad self-destructive ambition. When Tony Blair, with his usual brilliant opportunism, dubbed her "the people's princess," it was by implication a rebuke to those other, chillier, remoter princesses. I wonder whom he had in mind. The Princess Royal? She has worked for years for the Red Cross and Save the Children, earned herself a place on the British Olympic team, and yet never gets into *People* or the *Enquirer*. Or the Duchess of Gloucester? Princess Alexandra? These women preside over dozens of charities, many of them unfashionable ones without photogenic moppets or cadaverous young men; they serve as colonels-in-chief of regiments in boring places far from the paparazzi's lenses, like Saskatchewan; and in return receive nothing very much apart from the Solomon Islands Independence Medal (the Duchess of Gloucester) or the Canadian Forces Decoration (Princess Alexandra).

YOU can blame the photographers or the drunk driver or an irresponsible lover; you can even blame the French, under whose aegis Diana is not the only Royal (Aly Khan, Princess Grace) to die in a spectacular crash. But the Princess *chose* the life she led.

As a means of modernizing the monarchy, did it work? At the time of her death, the Princess of Wales was the most recognizable woman in the world and especially popular on this side of the Atlantic. One newspaper crowed that she was the "Queen of America," but, of course, she wasn't: America is a Republic. In the countries over which she had once hoped to reign as Queen—everywhere from Jamaica to New Zealand—the Diana years coincided with an astonishing rise in republican sentiment. The real story of her legacy is that the week before her death, support for the monarchy in Britain fell for the first time below 50 per cent; the week before *that*, Australia announced the start of a process to examine options to become a republic by the year 2000. A pin-up, even a saintly one, isn't enough. Indeed, Diana's tabloid popularity and tabloid life made serious discussion of the merits of monarchical government almost impossible. It will be the same in death.

"The English people need a light in their dark little tunnels," the Princess said, with exquisite condescension. "I'll be that light." But monarchy is not supposed to be a "Candle in the Wind." As the winds of change swirl all around, it is supposed to be a rock, not a rock song; it represents the deep, ancient roots of society—something all the more important in a present-tense media culture. Far from taking the monarchy into the twenty-first century, the Princess has virtually ensured that it will die with the twentieth. If we must canonize her, make her Patron Saint of Republicanism. □

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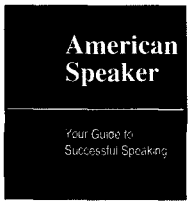
REVIEW

Applause, Applause

Anyone can win over a tough audience, says hailed speechwriter. Just ask Lee Iacocca.



THE AMERICAN SPEAKER
Your Guide to Successful Speaking
Aram Bakshian, Jr., Editor (600 pages; Georgetown Publishing House)

By Len Taylor

The difference between success and failure, writes Aram Bakshian, Jr., in this remarkable new resource for public speakers, is the ability to communicate clearly and effectively. Never has this been more true than in today's intensely competitive business climate.

Bakshian should know. Speechwriter to "The Great Communicator" himself, Ronald Reagan, as well as to two other former presidents and the heads of several major corporations, Bakshian has witnessed the rise and fall of international leaders based on their ease — or lack of ease — on the podium. Anyone can master the art of speaking in public, Bakshian says, "In the last analysis, the spoken word is still king."

Fear and loathing of the rubber chicken circuit have long plagued public figures. "No one knows how I hate making speeches," President Calvin Coolidge once complained to a friend.

Bakshian tackles head-on the challenges of public speaking in AMERICAN SPEAKER. "As with alcoholism," he writes, "there is no known cure for stage fright. You're either a 'chronic' sufferer or a 'recovering' sufferer." In either case, it's easy to minimize that suffering — or even turn it into an advantage. As Carroll O'Connor, the legendary "Archie Bunker," put it, "A professional actor has a kind of tension. The amateur is thrown by it, but the professional needs it."

The chairmen of Fortune 500 companies like Coca-Cola, IBM and General Motors make more speeches in a year than most politicians do. And not just on television. They speak all the time in the workplace and to colleagues, customers and the media.

Perhaps the best contemporary example is Lee Iacocca, who saved the Chrysler Corporation by using his enormous talent as a speaker to win the support of the Congress, the White House and the American people for the biggest corporate bailout in history. Iacocca himself attributes his business success to speaking. In his autobiography, he writes: "I've seen a lot of guys who are smarter than I am and a lot who know more about cars. And yet I've lost them in the smoke. Why? Because I'm tough? No ... You've got to know how to talk to them, plain and simple."

Business is the single biggest rhetorical arena. From simple retail sales spiels to sensitive boardroom presentations, speech keeps the wheels of commerce turning. In making a first impression, Bakshian writes, "Your appearance can raise expectations, but what you say and how you say it will determine how people evaluate you." A good speaker is always in demand. At events from business conventions to weddings, "a good speaker not only adds to the occasion, he also benefits from 'free advertising' that adds to his stature in the community and attracts future business."

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J'ACCUSE

Cuba and AIDS

Traditional epidemiology solved the AIDS crisis in Cuba before it began.

CHANDLER BURR

DR. Tom Coburn, a low-key 50-year-old family GP who practices obstetrics, mostly for Medicaid patients, in Muskogee, Oklahoma, is the front-runner for the title of Gay Activists' Public Enemy Number One. It is a designation he is happy to contend for.

In his other job as a Republican congressman ("not my *profession*, I'm a doctor"), Coburn is the author and primary sponsor of HR-1062, The AIDS Prevention Act of 1997. All the major liberal, civil-liberties, gay, and AIDS organizations—the ACLU, the Gay and Lesbian Medical Association, NOW, the AIDS Action Council, Gay Men's Health Crisis, People for the American Way, and so on—are in full assault mode against the bill, which if enacted would do something to the AIDS epidemic we've never done before: apply to it the standard public-health disease-containment measures of routine testing of at-risk individuals (although individuals should have the right to refuse testing), confidential reporting by name of those infected to local health authorities, and aggressive partner notification. In other words, it will make public-health personnel treat AIDS—the number one killer of Americans aged 25 to 44—like any other infectious disease.

AIDS, in partial fulfillment of its own championship in the annals of epidemiology (winner, "Most Politicized Disease in the History of the Whole World"), has never been attacked with these measures. Why? Because of a judgment call about who would get hurt. When AIDS weighed in in full force in the mid 1980s, the gay community decided that the disease hurt homosexuals vulnerable to a hostile society at least as much by pitilessly outing them as it did by killing them. Standard public health is about identifying the infected in order to prevent further transmission, but with AIDS, identification was the problem. The gay community, with the best of intentions, believed that the messy, complex, often desperate job of protecting the public health against contagion could be made nice and not hurt anyone.

This decision produced a rather astounding display of political power. After intense lobbying on the part of gay organizations, state and local public-health officials ultimately with the avid support of the mighty Centers for Disease Control (CDC), made AIDS the first epidemic treated as a civil-rights issue and a threat to individual privacy. All sorts of violations were presented: people with AIDS being expelled from their homes, losing their jobs, being dropped by their insurers. But the greatest threat was that the government would use the virus as an excuse to conduct a new holocaust. This was an explicit and constant warning by the gay and civil-liberties organizations—and they told us there was a country that actually did it: Cuba. Cuba set up concentration camps. Juanita Darling in the *Los Angeles Times* of July 24 recounted in (relatively) moderate tone what these organizations have been saying for years: "Cuba has been notorious for its draconian treatment of people infected with the virus that causes AIDS: The government has rounded up everyone infected with the human immunodeficiency virus and locked them in sanitariums until they developed AIDS and died." The Cubans, we were told, used traditional epidemiology—testing, reporting, and notification—to track down and persecute homosexuals, and were we to use these measures in the U.S., they would surely be deployed in the same way. So we did not.

What we did instead was use sex education, condoms, and needle exchange, essentially asking people to learn how HIV is transmitted and then to be careful. Columbia University's Ron Bayer created a name for this brand new civil-rights-centered public health—"AIDS exceptionalism"—and in the U.S. all efforts to combat this epidemic have thus been made to pass a high-minded-sounding test: they must not hurt the

Mr. Burr is a contributing editor at U.S. News & World Report.

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civil liberties or personal fortunes of the infected. The practice of epidemiology, created by John Snow in the London cholera epidemic of the mid 1880s and used since then to combat tuberculosis, polio, syphilis and gonorrhea, influenza, and on and on, has in the case of AIDS been fundamentally altered.

Rep. Coburn with his bill is demanding a re-examination of the way our country has responded to this public-health crisis. He is doing this in a forward-looking way: HR-1062 aims to get AIDS treated from now on like other diseases from TB to hepatitis A. But what makes HR-1062 so controversial is its retrospective aspect. It calls the past silently but inescapably into question.

AT 9:00 A.M. on March 13 at the press conference introducing the bill, Rep. Coburn stepped up to the lectern in the Rayburn House Office Building, looked at the reporters (in the seats), his allies (behind him), and AIDS organizations' spokesmen (grimly lining the walls like prison guards anticipating a riot), and began, "I am convinced that a hundred thousand deaths could have been averted if we had adopted these basic public-health measures in the first place." Expand this statement and it reads: Tom Coburn believes that at least a hundred thousand people, mostly gay men, who should be alive today are dead because certain people, again mostly gay men, with the best of intentions, used their political power to suspend disease-control measures for AIDS.

This is why HR-1062 is, although Coburn has never put it this way, much more than just another bill: it is an accusation. It is the epidemiological equivalent of a class-action lawsuit, an assertion that gay leaders, abetted by their liberal allies, committed mass manslaughter by instituting policies which ensured that in this medical conflagration a virus would use their own people as kindling.

Coburn's is an observation increasingly echoed by the medical establishment. On a national radio show a few weeks after Coburn's press conference, Dr. Frank Judson of Denver's Public Health Department stated: "I have no doubt that lots of people have become infected and lost their lives as a result of these irrational policies we've chosen to follow." Which lends credence to statements of Rep. Coburn's such as: "Public health works, and the people who have died of this disease should have been provided it."

But wait. There's more. Arguably worse than slaughtering your own is slaughtering others. The rate at which people are becoming infected with AIDS is thought to be slowing down only within one demographic group: gay men. Coburn points out that it is growing, at a rather astounding rate, among blacks, Hispanics, and women, most especially women who have sexual relations with intravenous drug users. If Dr. Coburn is correct in saying that "the new public health" took gay lives, then gay men demanding that these same policies be applied to others at-risk is both breathtakingly nearsighted and breathtakingly irresponsible. The political repercussions are chilling. What, to take a for-instance, would happen if the black community were to decide one day that traditional epidemiology would have prevented the transmission of HIV to tens if not hundreds of thousands of black people? Or that the problem of skyrocketing rates of HIV infection among blacks could have been averted but was not owing to gays' blind, dogmatic adherence to self-interest?

Dr. Coburn's accusation is only as solid as the data on which it rests. And here is where things get odd. There are, in fact, excellent data. They come from a country which has bent over backward to care for its citizens infected with HIV, probably spending more on AIDS in proportion to its GNP than any other nation. It has also instituted a traditional epidemiological regimen against AIDS. It has the most successful AIDS-containment policy of any country in the world. The country is the same one accused of carrying out a holocaust against AIDS sufferers: Cuba.

The first AIDS case in Cuba surfaced in 1985. If AIDS began as a gay disease in the United States, in Cuba it first turned up in heterosexual soldiers back from their country's military exploits in Africa; that 1985 case was a soldier returning from Mozambique. In Africa, anal intercourse, the most efficient way of spreading the virus, is a quite common means of preserving technical virginity in girls. The rate of sexually transmitted diseases (STDs), which also greatly facilitate transmission, is also extremely high. The sanatariums, in Cuba, were built by the army for the country's returning heroes; persecution of homosexuals had nothing to do with it. In fact, when the disease spread to homosexuals, the sanitariums were among the few places where gay couples were allowed to live together openly. Furthermore, the sanitariums provided and provide the best medical care available in Cuba, 3,500 calories a day, and AIDS-prevention information, not to mention ice cream and air conditioning. Since around 1989, AIDS sufferers have in general been able to choose whether to stay in a sanitarium or live at home, and it has often been difficult to get people to leave.

In any case, as tools for combatting AIDS, the sanitariums are of secondary importance. The real story is the public-health policy Cuba put in place. And this was fiercely and completely traditional. Dr. Jorge Perez, the head of the Pedro Kouri Institute for Tropical and Infectious Diseases and the architect of Cuba's anti-AIDS plan, told me recently in Havana, "From the beginning we treated AIDS like an STD." This meant testing, reporting, and partner notification. "I as a doctor don't have to have someone's permission to test them," said Perez. "I don't ask. Testing isn't mandatory, but I simply prescribe a test when I have good reason." In most of the United States, this is illegal when the test is for HIV.

"We have a very active screening program," said Dr. Rigoberto Torres, "testing risk groups, pregnant women, inmates." Again, these practices, which are standard public-health procedures, have been almost entirely blocked in the U.S. by ACLU lawsuits and AIDS political activism, as has contact tracing, which is acknowledged as the most efficient, cost-effective way of identifying infections in subgroups of populations. Studies in the U.S. have shown that partner notification finds more infected people then any other method, and it finds them earlier, when their T-cell count is higher and their prognosis is better.

There have been 35 times more AIDS deaths per capita in the United States than in Cuba.

For the most part, however, we Americans don't notify, or we don't notify effectively, simply because it

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might "invade people's privacy"—a privacy that has already been invaded by a deadly although treatable virus. Of testing, reporting, and notification Perez says, "These three things are the key of the Cuban [traditionalist] program. We have now done 2 million tests in a population of 11 million, and virtually all sexually active people have been tested. The main source of infected people we get is through contact tracing, about 50 to 60 per cent."

THE results of Cuba's program speak for themselves. In 1997, 45,000 people out of the 260-million American population will become infected with the AIDS virus, and so far over 362,000 Americans have died; Cuba, with an 11-million population, has since the start of the epidemic seen 1,681 infected. So far, 442 have died. Control for the population difference, and here is what you get: There have been 35 times more AIDS deaths per capita in the United States than in Cuba. (Of all Americans alive since the start of the epidemic, AIDS has killed 0.14 per cent of them; in Cuba, it has killed 0.004 per cent.)

Compare Cuba to New York City, with its population of around 7.5 million: An estimated 128,700 New Yorkers live with AIDS or HIV, and 63,789 have died. Is very urban New York an unfair comparison? Take Ohio, a Midwestern, predominantly rural state with a population almost exactly the same size as Cuba's: an estimated 10,000 to 18,000 people are HIV positive (this is only an estimate because Ohio doesn't permit HIV reporting), and there have been 9,238 cases of AIDS. Illinois, also Cuba's size, estimates that 30,000 of its citizens are currently HIV-infected (Cuba: 1,239). It has had 19,507 AIDS cases (Cuba: 1,681) and counting.

Look at it another way: In 1993 (the last year for which there are figures) the World Health Organization reported that the U.S. had 276 annual new cases of AIDS per million people. Puerto Rico, another Caribbean island but with one-third Cuba's population, had 654. Brazil was at 75.4, Mexico at 46, and Argentina at 48 per million.

Cuba was at 7. And Cuba's pediatric AIDS system cares for a total of 5 children, whereas Pennsylvania, with the same population, has 122. In the U.S. in 1996, there were 678 pediatric AIDS cases reported to the CDC, which means that our per-capita figure for children with AIDS is 6.5 times higher than Cuba's.

The figures are neither a statistical trick nor Castroite propaganda. (Castro had nothing to do with Cuba's AIDS program, by the way; it is people like Perez, Torres, and Manuel Santine, Cuba's chief epidemiologist, who created and run it.) Cuba's health-care standards are approximately equal to ours; its infant-mortality rate, a good overall indicator, is 11 deaths per 1,000 live births, near the 7 figure of the U.S., UK, and France. (Canada's is 6. The Dominican Republic's and Mexico's are 35 and 34 respectively.) And one epidemiologist told me of the AIDS stats: "Cuban figures are absolutely reliable and dependable. Surveillance is quite good because they have essentially universal testing and an excellent tracking system. We trust the Cuban figures more than any other country's, where there is underreporting and misdiagnosis, but, um, don't quote me on that." He meant the United States; the CDC will tell you there could be anywhere from 650,000 to 900,000 Americans infected with HIV; it is the lack of traditional testing that prevents the compilation of a more accurate figure. In Cuba, meanwhile, there are reportedly 1,239 people living with HIV, and the number is probably quite close to exact. If we take the CDC's upper figure (the estimates of some experts are higher) and put it on a per-capita basis, there are around 31 times more HIV-positive Americans than Cubans.

Besides demonstrating the success traditional methods have against AIDS, the Cuban example also challenges our strategy of throwing condoms at the problem. One American working on AIDS in Cuba told me he had seen "extraordinarily low condom use." Although some condoms of Dutch manufacture are now available, Cuba for years imported Chinese condoms, which were of notoriously low quality—they were actually used by Cubans not in bed but at the market as chits to buy sugar—and yet the infection rate is still dramatically lower than America's. This shouldn't be the case if condoms are the answer and if old-fashioned public health doesn't work.

"You haven't changed much, Cecil."

This is not to say that the Cuban model *per se* would be right for the United States. It isn't, most specifically the sanitariums. Elinor Burkett, a former AIDS reporter for the *Miami Herald* with extensive experience in Cuba and the author of *The Gravest Show on Earth: America in the Age of AIDS*, notes: "What's different in Cuba is that people don't think about individual rights. Most Americans think that when we're balancing social good with individual rights, we err toward the latter. Cubans are trained in the opposite mentality, so my friends in the sanitariums . . . believe there's a social good coming out of it." There is also the medical fact that isolation for HIV, a difficult-to-get virus, is unnecessary provided there are 1) testing and notification to alert those infected and 2) transmission education for them.

Nor is it to say that no exceptionalist methods work. On June 27, the American Medical Association emphatically supported needle exchange, a favorite exceptionalist method that clearly helps reduce HIV transmission. Nor is the exceptionalist Weltanschauung completely wrong. In America, the abundant discrimination visited upon homosexuals and the HIV positive did indeed create problems for traditional public-health methods. However, the public-health answer is to challenge the discrimination, not eliminate good epidemiology.

Opposition to such epidemiology has, in this country, reached ludicrous proportions, actually compromising medical care. Miss Burkett offers her own personal example. "In the United States, when you go in for a surgical procedure, you get tested for everything, which is just good medicine—but not HIV. A few years ago, I had lymphoma. Here is a disease that is 63 times more common among HIV-positive people. I had just been tested and knew I was negative, but my doctors didn't know that. So I go in and I wait for them to suggest I get an HIV test.

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And I wait and I wait and I wait. And the day I'm starting chemotherapy I ask my doctor why he didn't test me. And he got very defensive. He said, 'Well, I can't test you without your permission, that's the law.' I asked: 'Well, why didn't you suggest it was medically wise?' I knew the answer perfectly well: I was a straight, white, upper-middle-class woman. But it was completely

'In the end, the HIV and STD epidemics are unnecessary. No other industrialized country has these problems.'

medically irresponsible, because as a doctor you are going to treat my lymphoma quite differently depending on whether I'm HIV positive or HIV negative. Because of these policies, we are giving *heart* transplants without routinely testing people. Which is insane. I just don't understand how you're going to practice good medicine without routine testing."

FROM the point of view of HR-1062, what is interesting is that Miss Burkett is echoing the GP from Oklahoma almost word for word. He is a Christian Coalition Republican and she is a devout self-described "old lefty" with numerous gay friends who nevertheless will tell you, "These old [exceptionalist] policies were born out of a reality which, if it ever existed, certainly doesn't any more."

The Burkett/Coburn symmetry illustrates a subtle shifting of alignments. Dr. Thomas Coates, Professor of Medicine and Director of the Center for AIDS Prevention Studies at the University of California at San Francisco, is as adept at surviving in the cauldron of left-wing San Francisco AIDS politics as anyone. Dr. Coates recently supported traditionalist measures. His change of heart was prompted by the evidence from AIDS programs abroad: "In the end, the HIV and STD epidemics are unnecessary," he said. "No other industrialized country has these problems. Europe and Australia and New Zealand have gone after these diseases with traditionalist methods *and* with non-traditionalist, new methods supported by the exceptionalists, and have essentially taken care of them."

The AIDS organizations' resistance to traditionalism is still emphatic, but then cold hard reality is not their strong suit. These are the people who brought you the seductive lie that condoms are the universal answer to all diseases that ride on human sexuality. Gay men have swallowed this, but the condom solution has failed. Coburn contends—and while it is perhaps unprovable it is very interesting—that trust in condoms actually contributed to an *increase* in transmission of HIV and STDs through increased sexual activity multiplied by the condom breakage rate.

Moreover—and this should alarm the gay community—despite the current decline in the rate of HIV transmission among gay men, one must note that statistically we are still, as Michael Fumento put it, "the rats [carrying the] fleas of the new plague." Given human nature, today's decline and the desire to believe that the epidemic has been "conquered," accompanied by the inevitable slipping back into unsafe sex and renewed promiscuity, may mean our regaining plague leadership in the future. Gabriel Rotello, a *Newsday* columnist and a gay man who has bucked AIDS dogma, noted recently in his book *Sexual Ecology* that the backlash has already begun. "Editorial boards . . . have moved to distance themselves from gay-run AIDS groups they once unquestioningly supported. Liberal politicians have begun asking tough questions in private while becoming noncommittal in public. Friends of gay people have begun to wonder aloud at the high rates of unsafe sex and transmission."

In the end, the public-health response to AIDS is not an easy problem. Do we, by implementing effective policies, hurt the small number of individuals who will, inevitably, be outed and risk being fired from jobs, and thereby save many times their number from exposure to a devastating virus? Or do we hurt a large number of individuals by refusing to implement policies to combat the disease that will poison their bodies? One of Dr. Coburn's allies answers the question succinctly: "The AIDS community forgets that the ultimate violation of civil rights is being infected with AIDS." And 35 times more deaths per capita under an exceptionalist regime indicates that, somewhere, something went very, very wrong.

Back on Capitol Hill, Tom Coburn will spend the fall working hard on his bill. It aims to chart a new course on AIDS policy, but it is a very delicate matter when under the old course thousands of people have already died and thousands more are sick and the figures seem all out of proportion and you have this nagging little question of responsibility. Dr. Coburn might prefer not to get into it at all (it could certainly complicate the debate), but the fact is, and he knows it, that the mere existence of his bill is forcing an entire political community to step up and calmly respond to the accusation of mass manslaughter. They are not particularly calm at the moment. But you would be hysterical, too, if someone said to you, "Through everything you've worked for, by everything you believe, and with everything you've fought to maintain, you have helped to kill a hundred thousand human beings." □

Personalized Jokes

When it comes to offending people, nothing fits the bill like ethnic jokes.

E. V. KONTOROVICH

HERE's a great joke for you. An Irishman, a Jew, and a black are in a boat together. The boat starts taking on water—no, sorry, I can't tell this one. Getting away with this joke would take an entire committee. An Irishman would say the Irish part before passing the baton to a Jew, and so on. For our culture prohibits making fun, whether in malice or in jest, of any ethnic or racial group except your own.

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Jackie Mason lampoons Jews. Chris Rock mocks blacks. Margaret Cho pokes fun at Asians. *King of the Hill* spoofs Middle American whites. They all carry on with impunity, for society recognizes the innate right of every American to make jokes about his own ethnic and racial group. People like Mason and Rock can exercise their right to maximum advantage, and we are all amused.

BUT the current system shortchanges millions of Americans of all creeds and colors who would value the right to joke about other groups more than they value the right to joke about their own. They are stuck in a rigid structure, because of imperfect property rights in ethnic jokes. They are protected against others who want to joke about their group, but they can't in any way transfer their right in exchange for remuneration. This only perpetuates divisions by maintaining ethnic groups in their self-mockery monopoly. This will never bring Americans closer together. But the free market will.

Some people just don't find themselves very funny—but crave the opportunity to laugh at others without being branded a racist. There are doubtless enough people like this to create both supply and demand in joking rights for all groups. Whatever the initial distribution of a scarce resource, everyone will be better off if we are given property rights in the resource and allowed to freely trade with others.

After all mutually advantageous trades are made, the situation becomes, in economics parlance, Pareto optimal superior. Those who are happy with the right of self-mockery they start with don't sell it and remain just as well off as before, but others can sell their right or buy someone else's. Hence, everyone is at least as well, if not better, off than he was at the start. This is the celebrated Coase Theorem, which revolutionized legal and economic thinking 35 years ago. To most people, it is known as common sense: I have something you want, you have something I want: let's make a deal.

Here's how it would work. Each group's property right in self-deprecating humor would be broken up into vouchers of equal value. Every group member gets a voucher. After that, each person can hold on to his voucher or sell it for cash, as he sees fit. A voucher makes the bearer an honorary member of a particular group for purposes of joking. (In order to preserve the best feature of the current system when the new property rights are codified, Eddie Murphy will be granted an across-the-board free pass.) So, for example, if a white owns a black voucher, he can say whatever he wants about blacks. By producing the voucher, he will be protected from discrimination suits, and will have standing to sue for slander anyone who calls him a racist.

But minorities will not be abused under this system. Since there will necessarily be fewer minority vouchers, each member will have relatively more control over the vouchers' price than a white would over the price of the white vouchers. Indeed, a small group like Native Americans could organize to hold back voucher sales, driving prices through the ceiling.

It's impossible to predict the swaps people would make under the system. It all depends on preferences. Perhaps blacks will sell all their joke coupons to the Klan. Not such a bad outcome. The latter will spend so much money on joking rights that they won't even be able to afford white sheets, and the former will be elevated to the middle class in one giant leap. Lots of people will just hold onto the vouchers they're given. Some speculation will occur; maybe a futures market will develop. For example, WASPs seem to get less and less funny as time goes by. My advice to WASPs: Sell short.

Some may fear that a market in racial jokes will only exacerbate tensions. This is unlikely. One's ability to make jokes at others' expense will be strictly controlled by how much members of the other group mind it: if a group finds the jokes at its expense more than it can bear in good humor, it can buy its vouchers back, or not sell any more. But such jokes may actually make things better.

ACADEMICS have come up with an interesting justification for racial self-abuse. When blacks call each other "niggaz," learned men tell us they are usurping the rhetoric of their oppressors. By making it their own, they reduce its power to hurt. But the market is a great equalizer. If the right to jest becomes simply a commodity, with the target group holding whatever share it wants, it may well disassemble the concepts of oppressed and oppressor.

This scheme will strike many as quixotic. But President Clinton will surely say many things during his yearlong appeal for candor on racial issues, and none of them will be remotely funny. What the debate about race in America really needs is levity. For laughter is the hemoglobin of national healing.

Of course, I may be accused of being self-interested. Jews are bound to do well under this plan. Jewish jokes, as the success of Woody Allen demonstrates, are perhaps the most widely appreciated. Demand will be high, and there are few suppliers. No doubt Jews will hold out for a high price. (I'm exercising my prerogative of self-mockery. But it grows stale. Want to buy it off me?) □

The Union Label

With the level of union violence on the rise, Congress must, again, deal with the courts.

EUGENE H. METHVIN

AT 3:15 A.M. Sunday, November 8, 1995, Lance Young, a Detroit newspaper carrier, left a *Detroit News–Free Press* distribution center, his pickup truck loaded with papers for his 550 customers. The two related newspapers were publishing successfully in the fourth month of a strike by six of their eleven unions, chief among them the Teamsters, representing 2,500 strikers. A couple of blocks away, as Young pulled onto a freeway ramp, he realized he had three flat tires. Marauding striker squads would often throw a couple of five-gallon bucketloads of star nails around delivery trucks and carrier vehi-

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cles congregating at one of the newspapers' installations. This time a flying squad of masked men had hit the Plymouth distribution center; some had dumped the nails, disabling 14 vehicles, while others shattered windows and lights, and bashed and scratched cars with clubs and keys.

As Young changed a tire, a hundred-vehicle squadron of raiders headed up the ramp toward him. Several threw beer bottles and tried to hit him on the head with signs. After the first thirty vehicles passed, three vans stopped and men with baseball bats, tire irons, and picket signs got out. Young retreated into his own truck, locked the door, and tried to dial 911. A brick shattered his window, and he fended off the missile with his arm. One man broke the window with a tire iron and flailed at him. Others battered his truck, rocked it, and tried to push it off the hill. Horns honked, and the attackers fled. Young went to the hospital, and resigned as a carrier the next day.

Teamster spokesman Frank Kortsch said: 'If the law says we can't stop the trucks, then the law is wrong.'

The Detroit newspaper strike began with a bang on July 13, 1995, and ended with a whimper in February 1997 when the unions gave members a back-to-work order. The strike was marked by wholesale union violence and gangsterism, and demonstrates much that is wrong with the labor movement today. Last week, Labor Day week, the Senate held a Judiciary Committee hearing on union violence and legislation designed to curb it by plugging a big gap in federal criminal law created by the U.S. Supreme Court. Ironically, by passing this legislation the Republican-dominated Congress could save the union movement from itself by arming federal law enforcers with the tools needed to help liberate unions from the taint of gangsterism in the public mind.

THE Detroit strike began at 8 P.M., and on that first night picketers smashed a company van and challenged police who were trying to keep order. Within days firebombs were flying, and strikers littered streets all over the metropolitan area with tire-puncturing star nails. One TV commentator called the rowdy picketing "moronic thuggery."

In the strike's third week, alert police caught a Teamster district manager and six striking pressmen night-riding in three cars, coordinating their maraudings with two-way radios. All three cars had baseball bats, masks, and roofing nails stuck through cardboard torn from the same Rice Krispies box.

As the newspapers continued publishing, the strikers went berserk over their failure to stop them. The unions desperately copied tactics from some of the worst Teamster and United Mine Worker lawlessness in recent years.

On Labor Day, three thousand strikers and supporters massed in the suburban town of Sterling Heights, at one of the papers' two printing plants. Frank Kortsch, spokesman and negotiator for Teamster Local 372, standing outside the newspaper plant's gates before television news cameras, proclaimed: "We'll do everything we can to stop the papers from coming out. If the law says we can't stop the trucks, then the law is wrong."

The mob blockaded the entrance and fought a pitched four-hour battle when Sterling Heights' police force tried repeatedly to clear the plant gate. The rioters, swinging axe handles and picket signs, repeatedly beat them back.

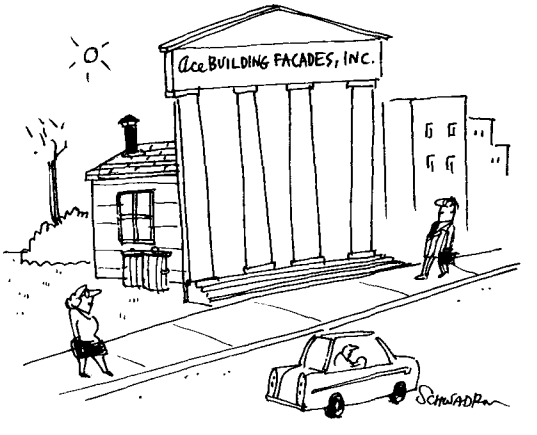
Altogether, the unions staged some forty sieges, riots, and midnight strikes at the papers' two printing plants and twenty distribution centers. They formed human walls to prevent ingress and egress; attacked people and cars trying to pass in or out; wielded clubs, sticks, iron bars, tire-puncturing star-nails and "jackrocks," bombs, and Molotov cocktails.

Often, as in the terrifying experience of Lance Young, they used midnight motorcades numbering up to two hundred vehicles that attacked without warning at distribution centers just as trucks arrived from the central printing plants and carriers gathered to get their papers for predawn deliveries to subscribers.

Meanwhile, all over the area, a guerrilla war raged. Homes were shot into and splattered with paint bombs, cars smashed in their driveways, and buckets of star nails scattered everywhere. Carriers were cornered and roughed up or menaced with knives and guns. A female carrier was attacked by two men; one held her down, slapping her face and yelling that he would kill her and that she had taken his job, while the other pulled her pants down.

Five men in three vehicles boxed in and stopped two carriers and, brandishing baseball bats and axe handles, stole their papers. A grown Teamster threatened and chased an 11-year-old carrier on his bicycle. Another bully told a 13-year-old carrier, "I'm going to break your legs," and menaced him until he ran away crying. A woman carrier delivering her papers had her car rear-ended by three men wearing masks; they said: "We know where you live," and threatened to harm her and her children if she continued deliveries.

One of the signal-callers in Detroit was Eddie Burke, a former United Mine Workers organizer, now a special assistant to Teamster President Ron Carey. Burke engineered the elections of Carey and UMW President Richard L. Trumka, and was chief strategist during the violent 1989–90 strike against the Pittston Coal Company in Virginia, West Virginia, and Kentucky. In a post-strike analysis Burke wrote: "If any union plans on striking their employer in this day and age and is uncertain as to breaking laws that are on the books, my advice is not to strike." The UMW is a venerable college of lawlessness and violence. In 1987, after an earlier round of strike mayhem, the U.S.



Mr. Methvin, a Washington-based Reader's Digest *contributing editor, served on the 1983–86 President's Commission on Organized Crime and directed the commission's investigation of labor–management racketeering.*

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Circuit Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit in Richmond, Va., fined the union heavily and ordered it "to take all action reasonably necessary" to keep strike activity peaceful in compliance with long-established federal law. The court commanded the UMW to refrain from interfering in any way with employees exercising their right to go to work.

The UMW thumbed its nose at the federal judges. In 1989, 1,600 UMW members unleashed a blitzkrieg against the Pittston Coal Company. Some 44,000 miners from other Eastern states staged wildcat sympathy strikes, and flying columns drove hundreds of miles to Virginia, West Virginia, and Kentucky coal fields in support. The union opened "Camp Solidarity" to accommodate about a thousand strikers and sympathizers. Coal-truck drivers, company personnel, and family members were shot at, were stoned, and had their tires destroyed and vehicles bombed. Rowdies even threatened a federal judge and rocked his wife's car. State police and federal marshals made 3,600 arrests.

On the strike's seventh day, a Virginia judge enjoined the United Mine Workers to stop mass picketing and violence. Over the next eight months he issued eight contempt citations listing at least 323 violations, including 204 violent ones, and levied $67 million in fines. A unanimous Virginia Supreme Court backed him up, declaring: "Union officials took active roles in these unlawful activities. . . . Notwithstanding the large fines, the Union never represented to the court that it regretted or intended to cease its lawless actions. To the contrary, the utter defiance of the rule of law continued unabated." The U.S. Supreme Court later disallowed the fines on the ground that such heavy penalties should require a jury trial.

Even when local authorities try their best to cope with mass union violence, they can hardly succeed. But too often, they are so politically dependent on the unions that they sit on their hands. Thus neither Mayor David Dinkins nor Gov. Mario Cuomo showed much interest in going after union terrorists who attacked the *New York Daily News*. On October 26, 1990, the strike's first day, strikers bombarded delivery trucks with stones and bricks, blocked trucks, and clobbered drivers with baseball bats. On the second day, more than fifty delivery trucks were burned.

The conspiring terrorists were not particularly clandestine; determined law enforcement could easily have stopped the violence. *News* columnist Mike McAlary transferred to the *New York Post* and in his first column reported meeting with strikers at a Brooklyn union hall. "By 2 A.M., there were 21 cars in the lot. . . . And then the moment for action came. The drivers huddled around the man in the tam-o'-shanter. . . . The target, the face under the tam-o'-shanter explained, was a *Daily News* drop-off point in the Hunts Point Market . . . 'I don't care what you do. But stop the truck. If you want to burn it, go ahead. But if you're going to burn it, remember what the firemen over in Brooklyn told us. Keep the truck doors open. That makes it burn faster . . .' The cars pulled out of the lot around 2:30 A.M. heading for a confrontation . . ."

In April 1996 eight hundred members of the United Auto Workers struck an auto-parts plant in Winchester, Va. About fifty non-union employees (Virginia is a right-to-work state, meaning that it outlaws forced union membership) crossed the picket line and continued working. The strikers unleashed a campaign of vandalism and terror. The non-strikers were videotaped, and the videos were shown in the union hall so that members could identify them. Their names, addresses, and phone numbers were posted and printed in the strike paper. They had their homes shot into at night, windows broken, cars vandalized in their own yards. Night-riders placed bloody cows' heads on the hood of one employee's car and in the backyard of another—both Vietnamese immigrants. One was Sucheng K. Huang, a 55-year-old woman who did not even know what "strike" meant until the violence began. "My family is poor. I need a job," she explained, so that she and her husband could put their children through college. Someone posted a "WANTED—DEAD OR ALIVE" poster with Mrs. Huang's photo on it in the plant, and later sent her a photo of the cow's head on her car hood, with her head superimposed on the cow's. Her windows were shot out, her tires slashed, her car sprayed with paint. She was so terrified that her blood pressure shot up and her doctor compelled her to leave her job for a month so that he could stabilize her.

One union member reported that the

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day the union took its strike vote and threw up its picket line, Local 149 President Robert Ramsey told them, "Those that cross the line will live in hell. Make it as hard as you can on them. I'm not condoning it, but make it as hard as you can."

A UAW International official from Detroit headquarters, David Smith, told members how, in another strike, "When a guy crossed our picket line, the union hung his dog and put a sign around its neck saying, 'Next time it will be you.'"

He warned strikers to avoid "nails and stuff" on the picket line because the company could get a court order stopping picketing: "If this happens, it will disable our strike. We can use other opportunities later to deal with the scabs at a less critical location."

CONGRESS has twice sought to outlaw such union violence. In 1934, after a broad investigation of widespread mob use of threats and violence to extort payment for actual or alleged services, Congress passed the first federal anti-racketeering statute ever. In 1942, the Supreme Court gutted the law in a case almost identical to some of the horror stories that had prompted Congress to adopt it in the first place. Officials of Teamsters Local 807 in New York City had been convicted for stopping non-union truck drivers at the Holland Tunnel and demanding money equivalent to a day's union wages before they would let the trucker proceed into Manhattan. The gangsters backed up their blockade with threats and actual violence. Yet the Court held that the extorted payments fell within the statute's exemption of "payment of wages by a bona-fide employer to a bona-fide employee." Chief Justice Harlan Stone dissented hotly, accusing the majority of countenancing what amounted to common-law robbery so long as it was committed by union members.

Congress agreed. In 1946, Rep. Sam Hobbs (D., Ala.) introduced remedial legislation. "The sole purpose is to undo the outrageous opinion of the Supreme Court in the Teamsters Union case," declared Rep. Edward E. Cox (D., Ga.). Others reiterated the point. Rep. Emanuel Celler, Brooklyn Democrat, whose district was heavily populated by members of the Mafia-dominated Long shoremen's Union, tried to tack on an exception excluding cases where payment sought by violence or threats was "wages paid by a bona-fide employer."

Hobbs's supporters countered that Celler was trying to create substantially the same exception as the one in the 1934 act that had "caused the error into which the Supreme Court fell." The House rebuffed Celler.

One again, the Supreme Court stubbornly nullified Congress's effort to outlaw extortion under color of union activity. In 1973 the Justices decided the case of Travis Paul Enmons and other union officials and striking employees of Gulf States Utilities. They were indicted on charges of conspiring to violate the Hobbs Act by blowing up a transformer substation and destroying transformers with high-powered rifles to coerce the company into agreeing to higher wages and other benefits.

The case produced a strange Supreme Court combination. The five majority Justices were Potter Stewart, Byron White, Thurgood Marshall, William Brennan, and Harry Blackmun, who concurred separately. They held that the bombing and gunfire were "militant activity in the pursuit of legitimate union ends," and therefore did not violate the Hobbs Act. Only criminal threats and violence for illegitimate ends, and clear examples of extortion such as payments demanded by union officials or for work not wanted or performed, would violate the law, they said.

Blackmun, a recent Nixon appointee whose vote was crucial, added that his "visceral reaction to immaturely conceived acts of violence" such as bombing and gunfire was that they "deserve to be dignified as federal crimes," but he also disliked the prospect of federal judges having to wrestle with "incidental" or "low level" strike violence, and so he declared that he would wait until Congress spoke plainly.

It *had* spoken plainly, retorted Justice William O. Douglas for the four dissenters. They constituted one of the unlikeliest combinations in Supreme Court history: Douglas joined by Chief Justice Warren Burger and the two brand-new Nixon appointees, William Rehnquist and Lewis Powell.

Douglas declared that the rejection of Rep. Celler's amendment proved that Congress intended to outlaw strike violence. For good measure he quoted a House member who said Rep. Hobbs's legislation would not be needed "if organized labor had recognized law and order in striking . . . Everyone can remember the taxicab strike in Baltimore, where cabs were overthrown, bricks thrown through the windows endangering the lives of innocent victims. Those were the tactics which organized labor sanctioned. The leaders were locked up and put in jail for participating in those activities."

Despite the State of Maryland's forthright prosecutions, Congress had passed the Hobbs Act making such criminal violence during a strike a *federal* crime. "The consensus of the House is so clear, we should carry out its purpose no matter how distasteful or undesirable that policy may be to us," declared Douglas. By narrowing the law the majority Justices were guilty of "judicial legislation," Douglas declared—and he had done enough of it to know it when he saw it.

Thus the Supreme Court created a monstrous anomaly: labor-union officials and members are the only citizens allowed to use threats or violence to extort money or other property with impunity so far as federal law enforcement is concerned. Striking union members are free to engage in terrorism without worrying about "the Feds," and if they have the local law enforcers outwitted, outnumbered, or simply cowed, they can bushwack and bomb, bully and badger, to their hearts' content.

And few local police departments and politicians have the will or the ability to penetrate such gangs. Few can or will follow leads outside their jurisdiction —to trace, for example, orchestration of violence by officials from distant union headquarters. That is why the *Enmons* decision was so devastating. There are only three ways to get evidence of conspiracy: 1) penetrate an organization with an undercover agent; 2) bug or wiretap the plotters; 3) "turn" a participant into a witness. The FBI could handle a conspiracy to violate the Hobbs Act as neatly as it handles Mafia gangsters.

Striking union members can engage in terrorism without worrying about 'the Feds.'

Instead, the Supreme Court's decision "allows a few people the license to commit atrocities which a civilized society should not have to tolerate," declared economics professors Armand J. Thie-

(Continues on page 64)

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THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

September 8, 1997

Dear Rusty,

Boy, the you-know-what sure does roll downhill, let me tell you. Make a few phone calls, charm a few Buddhists, and the world just goes bananas.

The silver lining is that ever since Janet Reno announced that she's going to investigate me—wait a second here—ever since Janet Reno announced that she's going to investigate my staff, the phone hasn't stopped ringing with offers of help.

On the plane to New Hampshire, where I spent the weekend doing community outreach, I had barely buckled my seatbelt when the phone rang.

"Mr. Vice President, I have terminated my editor." It was the voice of Marty Peretz, my old Harvard professor and one staunch supporter. He's also the owner of The New Republic, a political magazine I used to read when I was in the Senate.

"You terminated him? That means you fired him, right?" Marty can be pretty high-handed. Sometimes he forgets that the rules apply to everyone, even people who own Rembrandts.

"Yes, I fired him. He was insubordinate. He refused to agree that the unpleasantness about campaign finance was purely partisan, that you weren't implicated in any way and were, in fact, a victim of bad staff work, vague regulations, the ugly necessities of modern-day campaigning, and a lot of other things that you're not to blame for."

"Wish Janet Reno agreed with you," I chuckled.

"Should I fire her?"

"I'm not sure you can do that, Marty. Anyway, I'm touched that you fired your editor for me. Thank you. 'Bye, Marty."

I was about to hang up when he spoke again.

"You know, if you win in '00, I just want you to know how interested I am in affairs of state. You know, foreign policy, diplomacy, that stuff."

"You mean like, ambassador-type stuff?"

"Keep going."

"United Nations?"

"Keep going."

"Secretary of State?"

"I'm extremely flattered that you think of me in that context, Mr. Vice President. But it is really premature to discuss it at this point."

"Oh."

"I really have to go, sir." And he hung up.

Later, at Dartmouth, where I was scheduled to give an address that was in no way campaign-related, my cell phone rang.

"Hello?" I said.

"Please, sir, we must dispense with the niceties. You are nearly dead. Your almost lifeless body is teetering on the precipice. The political undertakers are gathering with their autopsy knives, but fear not, sir. I will gather you in my arms, lift your head up, place my lips against yours, and breathe into you the life you so desperately need."

"Who is this?"

"Oh, I'm sorry," came the reply. "I assumed you'd recognize my voice. It's Dick Morris."

"Hello, Dick," I said.

"Sir, if I may, and in a strictly pro bono way, at least for the first five minutes, after five I really have to start the meter, anyway, sir, my advice is to come out swinging. Demand a Senate hearing, and testify. Don't let them force you into hiding."

"Maybe I should go to the Hill and explain bad staff work was behind the 49 phone calls—"

"You mean the 86 phone calls, right?"

"Actually," I said, "I mean the 93 phone calls. But who's counting?"

"They are."

"Right. Right. But still, can't I just tell the truth: that I was unaware that the relevant statute which outlaws fundraising calls from the White House actually means that fundraising calls from the White House are outlawed? And as far as the Hsi Lai temple goes: members of my staff called it a 'fundraiser,' but what I thought they said was 'FUNraiser,' as in, 'We'll raise lots of fun.'"

"Um, Mr. Vice President, no disrespect, but I'm going to have to raise my rates just a bit. I'll be in room 703 at the Jefferson Hotel starting next week. Call me." Moments later, the on-board fax machine spit out an invoice for something called an "Initial Consultation and Diagnosis," for $32,000.

Later that afternoon, I went to a day-care center for some community outreach in front of the New Hampshire media. I read a story during the children's story-hour, which is something I've never really enjoyed. When you read to children, Rusty, you have to talk really slowly and enunciate all the words really carefully.

Tipper called. I told her about Dick Morris's call.

"Hire him, Al," she said. "Hire him now."

"But, Tip," I said, "won't I look a little bit like you-know-who and you-know-who-Rodham-Clinton?"

"Too late now," she said.

But I think she's wrong, don't you?

Your pal, Al

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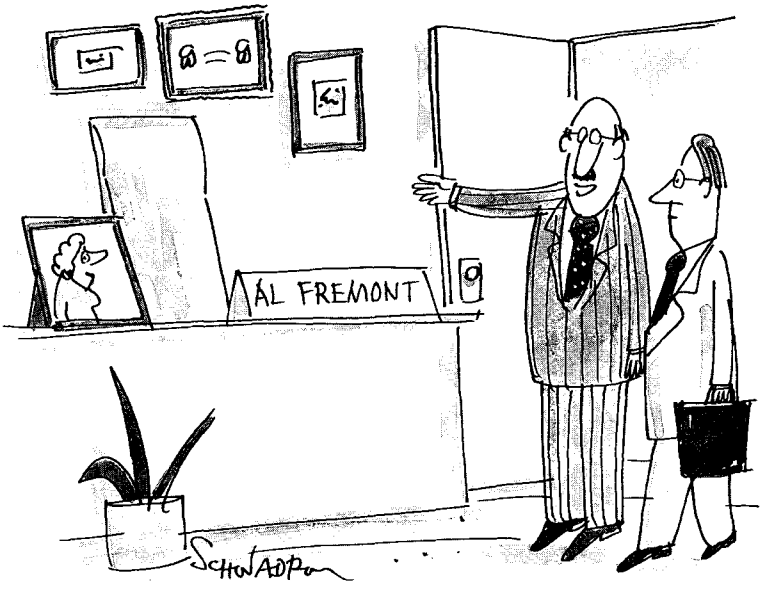
hel!!!

January Attractions

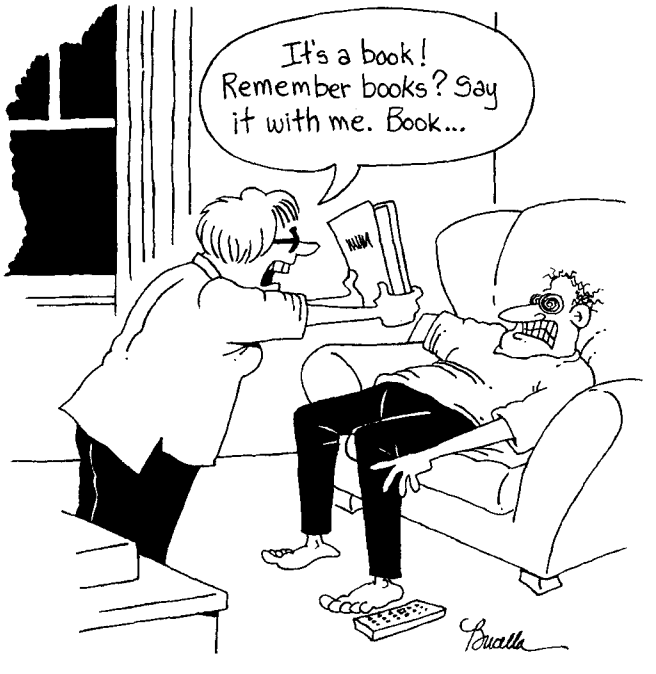
Concerned about presumptive Al,
Bill Clinton, frivolous as Sal,
Will loosen travel to Fidel
When John Paul calls with book and bell;
Though pundits say if Al's undone,
Don't blame the Pope: Cherchez la nonne.

—W. H. von Dreele



"This is your new desk. From now on, you'll be known as Al Fremont."

"I love with every fibre of my being, and believe me, I've got fibre*!"*



"The day the Cable went out."

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BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

The Buckley Embrace

JOHN J. DiIULIO JR.

IN THE 1930s, Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen, a radio personality (*The Catholic Hour*), was America's best-known prelate. One day Sheen telephoned the apartment of Heywood Broun, the renowned journalist, combative wit, member of the Algonquin circle, and Socialist congressional candidate. "This is Fulton Sheen," Broun heard the caller say. Broun, who had never met Sheen, asked, "What are you calling about?" Sheen's answer: "Your immortal soul." The fairy-tale ending: Sheen eventually receives Broun into the faith.

The epilogue of *Nearer, My God: An Autobiography of Faith* opens with the Sheen–Broun tale, but the book isn't any kind of a cold call for Christianity. Instead, William F. Buckley Jr. approaches his personal exploration of the faith as one who has "never sought to console in explicitly Christian terms anyone who wasn't, so to speak, already a communicant." Despite an intellectual life that became politically consequential in 1951 with the publication of *God and Man at Yale*, and despite a rich spiritual life that has spanned most of the American Century, Buckley's private life has involved little in the way of outright religious evangelism: "I am one of many millions who attend church on Sundays, receive the sacraments, say every day a prayer, particularly when a friend is ailing or gone; and yet I shrink from any religious communication that could possibly be thought intrusive. I cannot imagine the circumstances that would bring me to pick up the telephone and call to anyone's attention the Christian vision." Fortunately, however, Buckley's desire not to be "thought intrusive" did not prevent him from reading, reminiscing, reflecting, consulting, and, finally, writing about his religious faith in *Nearer, My God*, a small miracle of a book in that it delivers what its publisher's blurb boldly promises. It is indeed one of "the most reflective, poignant, and searching of Bill Buckley's many books."

Nearer, My God: An Autobiography of Faith, by William F. Buckley Jr. (Doubleday, 312 pp., $24.95)

Alex Zwarenstein

And it's one of Buckley's bravest books. For no matter how eloquent, moving, or intellectually sophisticated the presentation, and regardless of the status, credentials, or political ideology of the presenter, nothing raises secular elite hackles, suspicions, and whispers quite like a well-educated, well-positioned person expressing deep religious faith without temporizing or apologizing for it. True to temperamental form, Buckley doesn't preach or try to make converts. But neither does he blink or wink in expressing his faith in the divinity of Jesus Christ. It has been a lifelong faith, lovingly nourished by his Catholic mother, the late Aloïse Steiner Buckley, to whom we are briefly introduced in the early chapters, and whom we are charmed to know a bit better through the epilogue, in which she is touchingly portrayed. The faithful son justly dedicates *Nearer, My God* to her memory.

The 18 chapters of *Nearer, My God* are incredibly wide-ranging. For starters, the book is a treasure trove of intimate and funny moments from Buckley's private life. One of my favorites, described in the first chapter, occurs when Catholic boarding-school boy Buckley sins against Fr. Sharkey of St. John's, Beaumont, in England.

You see, Buckley's principal extracurricular enthusiasm in childhood was horses. Fr. Sharkey had given him special permission to leave school in order to attend the Grand National steeplechase at Aintree. As the boy was about to enter his chauffeur-driven getaway car, the priest reached into his pocket for a two-shilling piece. "Billy," he whispered, "put this on a horse called Workman, to win." Workman won, paying 18 to 1, but Billy had neglected to place the bet. The priest, "exultant over the news he had got on the radio about the horse that won the Grand National," was waiting up for Billy's return. But upon hearing the boy's midnight confession, the priest suddenly smiled and said, "Those things happen. Now get to bed." Billy the failed bookie obeyed, but not before praying "that God would forgive me, that God should find a devious means of transmitting 36 shillings to Fr. Sharkey, that God should suspend the vow of poverty for long enough to permit Fr. Sharkey full and indulgent use of those 36 shillings . . . We had a secret, Fr. Sharkey and I, and I wondered whether, by his confessional vows, he was bound to silence about my sin."

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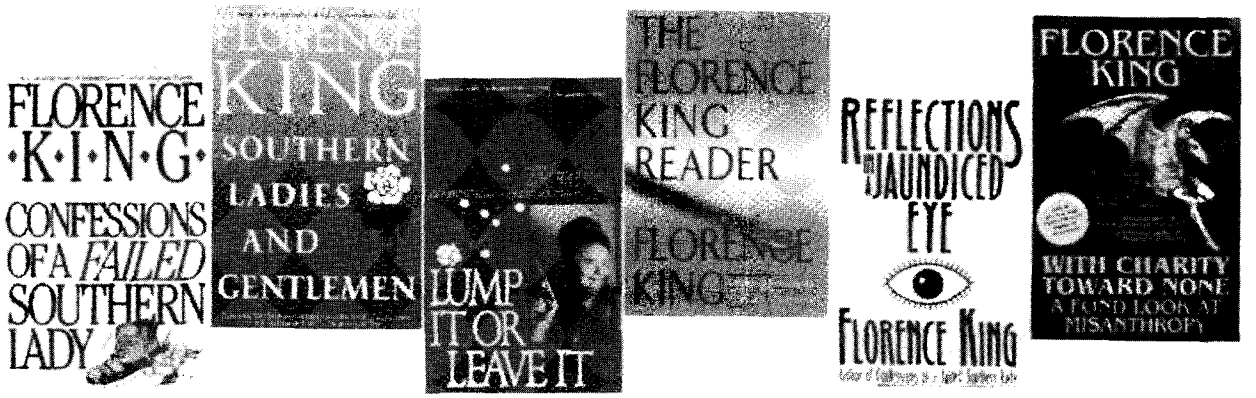

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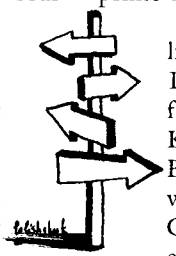
The opening chapters of *Nearer, My God* are the book's most plainly and entertainingly autobiographical. We visit the Vatican with the young Buckley carrying 36 soon-to-be-blessed rosaries on his left arm, including 6 for the Irish maids at St. John's; we march along with 19-year-old soldier Buckley on his two-week tour of duty in 1945 as a Spanish-language sexual-hygiene lecturer in San Antonio, Texas.

The book's middle and later chapters, on topics ranging from how Hollywood treats religion (badly) to how the Catholic Church should handle pressures to ordain women as priests (don't cave), are punctuated by Buckley's personal religious recollections and meditations, as in the penultimate chapter, on the ordination of one of his nephews, Michael Bozell, already a monk in "the reclusive Benedictine order."

So reclusive, in fact, is the Benedictine order that Brother Michael was required "to forgo even the once-in-a-lifetime pleasure of a party in his honor" attended by close family members and lifelong friends. "That," confides Buckley, "was hard to take." But in a written response to one of the many probing questions about Christian religious calling and understanding submitted to him by his proud Uncle Bill, Fr. Bozell beautifully characterized the Benedictine monk's life as one of "continuous striving, a daily battle, and the prize, the summit of the mountain, is Christ. Christ experienced from the inside, Christ fully known and possessed and imitated and loved." On the night of the ordination, Buckley, snug in his hotel, "thought of Michael in his cell, rising at midnight to sing his orisons," and "reflected that almost certainly he was the happiest of us all."



Nearer, My God is as much a deft theological exploration of major aspects of orthodox Christian belief and Catholic dogma as it is an "autobiography of faith." Moreover, the book beats a fine path back to the concerns about religion in American life that animated *God and Man at Yale*.

To be clear, Buckley himself courts no assessment of the book in terms of its theological rigor or relevance. Much to the contrary, in the introduction he insists that he is "not remotely qualified as a theologian or historian of Christianity," and that for him to write a book about his faith is "to put [his] faith at a fearful disadvantage." Also, he warns that, as his mode as a writer "tends to be argumentative" and bred by reactive "polemical inclinations" (you don't say), "readers of this book are entitled to put it down in disgust if exposition alone is what they are looking for."

No, they are not, for at least three reasons. First, most theological writing that inspires intellects and stirs souls is argumentative, much of it is polemical, and almost all of it is assertive. Second, the greatest religious hearts and minds have always acknowledged precisely what Buckley acknowledges, namely, that their faith is greater than their powers to describe it. Third, WFB wisely got more than a little help from certain of his theologically ready-for-prime-time friends.

Nothing raises secular elite hackles, suspicions, and whispers quite like a well-educated, well-positioned person expressing deep religious faith without apology.

For example, he provides highlights from the no-holds-barred 1930s debate about the Catholic faith between Monsignor Ronald Knox and Sir Arnold Lunn. Buckley met Lunn in 1960, and it was then that "the world of Christian apologetics" caught his eye. Thereafter, the Buckleys visited with the Lunns in Switzerland every year until Sir Arnold's death in 1974.

Lunn entered the debate with Fr. Knox on the side of those for whom the worldly history of Mother Church's tortures, trials, inquisitions, indulgences, and insistence on papal infallibility invalidates her claims to holiness and renders her a profane pox on post-Christ Christianity and most of humanity. Take eternal punishment, please. Lunn followed legions of others in thinking it ridiculous that God would have created a world in which innocent unbaptized babies have no shot at salvation (off to Limbo), and even otherwise perfect Christians have no hope of Heaven should they, say, die in their sleep on the morning after a single night of sizzling sex outside of marriage (straight to Hell). Lunn experienced opposition to "the doctrine of Hell" not as a moral prejudice but as "a rationally immovable conclusion," and Buckley finds Lunn on this point "unanswerable by reason alone." But faith trumps reason. Fr. Knox's "knock-him-dead answer" to Lunn was that if this particular person, in that particular state of sin, doesn't deserve Hell, well, then, by Almighty God "he won't get it; that is certain." Buckley is satisfied, seconding Knox's motion with the assertion that "our reason is not refined enough to take in divine perspectives." Lunn was eventually satisfied, too, for in 1936, two years after his debate with the good priest was published, he was received into Mother Church by—Ronald Knox.

BUCKLEY is pardonably partial to such resolutions of religious difficulties. He recalls this response of a Fr. Sharkey (brother to his headmaster at St. John's) to a devout elderly woman who asked him whether dogs can go to Heaven. Sorry, he told her, there was no Scriptural authority for animals entering the pearly gates. In that case, she said, she would never be happy in Heaven: "I can only be happy if Brownie is also there." With "mesmerizing authority," Fr. Sharkey replied that if that were the case, then Brownie would indeed go to Heaven. "Because what is absolutely certain is that, in Heaven, you will be happy." Dismiss such answers as jesuitical if you wish, comments Buckley, but he has "never found the fault in the syllogism."

Buckley's Catholic faith makes him radically resistant to "the Butler Escape," his term for the idea, articulated in a 1736 treatise by Anglican Bishop Joseph B. Butler, that if one were God, one would have created a world different from and better than the one the Creator made (for starters, say, no Hitlers and killer earthquakes, more Mother Teresas and killer landscapes). The Butler Escape is a "singular invitation to imagine the world as reordered by you," an invitation to "Go ahead, play God! You make up the rules."

Our author flatly rejects the invitation in favor of what I'll refer to as "the

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Buckley Embrace," the serviceably interfaith (Christian, Muslim, or Jewish) idea that we should seek to know and to love God on His terms, not ours, and continue to seek to know and to love Him—to struggle to embrace, not to escape, Him—even as the spirit is constantly saddled by the flesh, even as worldly concerns about things (money, sex, power, recognition) constantly divert us from communion with Him who made all things, even as we experience His rules as inconvenient or impossible, and even as we encounter unspeakable (except in the language of prayer) trials, tribulations, and tragedies on this earth.

Without explicitly evangelizing, *Nearer, My God* invites its readers to make the Buckley Embrace. "The illiterate who believes and is sustained by his faith," writes Buckley in preface to his recitation of the learned Lunn–Knox battle, "is as airborne as Thomas Aquinas after completing his Questions." Buckley's mother's "worship of Him was as intense as that of the saint transfixed"; and, losing a husband and several of her children, she made the Embrace, and struggled with her grief, "through the solvent of prayer, her belief in submission to a divine order, and her irrepressible delight in her family and friends."

Malcolm Muggeridge, the great British journalist, convert to Catholicism, and former atheist who became "perhaps the most eloquent English-speaking Christian" of his day, lived the Embrace late in life through the example of Mother Teresa and through his meditation on the Crucifixion. (Too bad that, as Buckley humorously recounts, Pope John Paul II missed the chance to trade Embraces, as it were, with Muggeridge when he, Buckley, and David Niven were granted a private interview with the Pontiff but through some bureaucratic bungle got only a papal handshake and the Vatican version of a photo-op.)

As Buckley admits in the course of meditations "On the Uniqueness of Christ," everything would "be *so* simple" if God saw fit to remove the doubt of every Doubting Thomas by, say, "worldwide thunder at three in the afternoon (local time) on Good Friday," or such. But He does not see fit, and so "the struggle to believe has got to have been intended as exactly that, an achievement of the will and the spirit, seeking concordance with divine purpose."

IN several chapters Buckley tightens the bolts on his Catholic belief by drawing upon the words and experiences of a hand-picked forum of converts to the faith. Muggeridge and Clare Boothe Luce died before the project was under way, but he was fortunate to enlist the formidable likes of Fr. Richard John Neuhaus, Russell Kirk, Jeffrey Hart, Ernest van den Haag, Fr. George Rutler, and the young Wick Allison, a former publisher of this magazine.

I found it impossible not to be fascinated by what the members of Buckley's forum (especially Fr. Neuhaus) said, and how well most of them said it, in response to his well-formulated questions about everything from Christ's resurrection to what, if any, one feature of the Church distinguishes it from other Christian faiths and drew them thither. And, on those matters where a consensus was evident, I generally agreed with what they argued. (A prediction: If the Church yields any further

New Golf Iron Sets World Distance Record from Fairway; Misses Record for Driver by One Yard.

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by Mike Hensen

YALESVILLE, CT– The same small Connecticut company that created a golf ball that *flies* too far has introduced two new driving irons that *hit* too far; way too far if you happen to sell woods. Mike Smith, a PGA Pro, recently set a World Record off the grass with the company's 17° driving iron, and stopped just one yard short of matching the record for a *driver* with its 12.5° counterpart. His shots were 335 and 358 yards respectively.

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ground on divorce, priestly marriage, and such, before the end of the next century Rome will hear, even if it does not heed, voices calling for the ordination of remarried pro-choice lesbians.)

Still, I rather wish that Buckley had done more to relate in his own words what he himself had learned (or not) from the members of his august council of converts. As he tells us in the introduction, what evolved into *Nearer, My God* began as a plan for a book whose second working title was "Why I Am a Catholic." He was wise to break out of that straitjacket, but, having done so, he would have been equally well advised to step beyond even his sterling "Why I Became a Catholic" set.

Undoubtedly, Buckley and his faithful readers would have gained something had he as eagerly sought out the ideas and religious inspirations of cradle Catholics, converts to other Christian faiths, and other lifelong Christians. I especially wish he had somehow found his way to America's growing ranks of young, well-educated, inner-city African-American Protestant clergy, orthodox Christian Pentecostals, and other churchmen whose Embrace is being made not only in highly literate words but in walk-among-the-poor deeds.

WHILE Buckley makes no more pretense to social-science expertise than he does to theological erudition, I wish that he had found a place to discuss some of the good news (and Good News) from empirical and survey research on spirituality and religion in American life (over 90 per cent of Americans believe), and the extent and efficacy of God-centered, faith-anchored approaches to social problems (over half of Americans think that faith-based approaches can work, and many thousands of clergy and churched volunteers are working hard to prove them right).

I also wish that Buckley had lingered a bit on the question of whether rich Christians (or, if he preferred, rich Catholics) have any Biblically required responsibility to serve the poor, and, if so, how, if at all, they ought to transact that part of their Embrace in the public square. But such wishes for more are admittedly greedy, and *Nearer, My God* has, if you will, its special bonus sections, including the author's guided tour of the still smoldering terrain of *God and Man at Yale*.

A chapter title asks, "Where Does One Learn about the Christian God?" Not, Buckley informs us, at the nation's institutions of higher learning, where "there is today another God, and it is multiculturalism." By 1951, Christianity had been excluded at Yale "by the very instrument—academic freedom—that Protestantism had counted on to further its mission, and this evolution came as a near total surprise."

When Buckley's first book was published it was news to some that Yale and other once Christ-centered colleges and universities had lost or were in the process of shaking their Christian foundations. Their leaders felt the need to deny Buckley's thesis. Today their successors would hardly miss a beat in celebrating the rout of Christianity and religion in general. I dare say that, as a class, today's elite college and university leaders are about as likely to act publicly in ways that fortify faculty and student commitments to Christianity or other religious faiths as the boss-pimps of whorehouses are to lead their staff and customers in a chorus of "Were You There When They Crucified My Lord?"

Not only that, but, as Buckley was sad to discover, traditionally Christian elementary and secondary schools like his own Millbrook have fallen on hard times, unless, that is, you happen to be in the market for a traditional pagan education. (In the book's two appendices, he briefly but conscientiously reports on God and Man at Millbrook and several other schools.)

So, where can one reliably go these days to learn how and why we should make the Embrace? Nearer our God, according to the man from Yale. □

Murder, They Wrote

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

COMPARE and contrast—as examinations used to say before they came to consist of ticking little boxes—Georges Simenon and Raymond Chandler. The immediate thing they have in common is two new biographies, both heavily researched, both rather badly written. Chandler in particular, who was classically educated and a master of his own colorful, carefully wrought style, would surely have been irritated by the dull prose and sloppy grammar of Tom Hiney's book. Simenon, who at the end of his life poured out huge, embarrassing, self-indulgent memoirs, could scarcely complain (though readers may) about the excessive length and Gallic intensity of Pierre Assouline's biography, but it does seem inappropriate to a mystery writer whose mature style was characterized by great economy of words.

Simenon, by Pierre Assouline, translated by Jon Rothschild (Knopf, 447 pp., $32.50)

Raymond Chandler, by Tom Hiney (Atlantic Monthly Press, 320 pp., $12)

Mr. Lejeune is NR*'s longtime London correspondent.*

Simenon and Chandler have both been adopted by highbrow critics who do not normally enjoy mystery novels, part of the reason being that their work is tinged with a "*noir*" quality which appeals to the highbrow preference for gloom over cheerfulness. Films—black-and-white films, for which French cinéastes invented the term *noir*—were important to both writers, although Maigret was never satisfactorily transferred to the screen, whereas Marlowe belonged, in more senses than one, to Hollywood.

Both Simenon and Chandler were more interested in atmosphere than in plot, and it is a mark of their genius that admirers inescapably, and almost everyone else indirectly, now see the places they wrote about—the cafés of Paris and the garish landscape of Southern California—through their eyes.

The sharpest differences lie in their output and their sex lives. The two things most widely known about Simenon are that he wrote an amazing number of books and that he had intercourse with an amazing number of women. When young he wrote under at least 17 pseudonyms, and his novels are often so short that they barely qualify as books: but the total certainly exceeds four hundred. As for his women, Simenon claimed, perhaps in jest, to have had in-

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tercourse with ten thousand, of whom only eight thousand were prostitutes—which, as the assiduous M. Assouline works out, comes to "about one woman every two days from adolescence to retirement."

According to UNESCO statistics, Simenon is the 18th most translated writer in the history of the world. Although he considered taking French, and later American, citizenship, he remained Belgian. When asked why, he said: "Not everyone is lucky enough to be born in Liechtenstein or Monaco. Failing that, Belgium will do. Because it means nothing." Nevertheless, by any definition, he was a characteristically European writer, just as Chandler was essentially Anglo-American. He wrote good, clear, easy French, for which he never found an ideal English translator: nor has M. Assouline, whose own far-from-light style is burdened here by such peculiarities of translation as the word "memorialist" to mean (I think) a writer of memoirs. Despite the plethora of details, some necessary information is omitted. We are told, for instance, that, in a few weeks in 1930, Simenon earned 30,000 francs; but what does that mean in present terms?

When, feeling that he had learned his craft, Simenon switched from the early pseudonyms to his real name, he observed: "I haven't written that much. I'm already 29 and I've published only 277 books." He could write eighty pages a day, working in 11-hour sessions, but once Maigret was earning him more per chapter than a whole pulp novel, he fell into a steady routine. He would begin with just a few notes, often scribbled on the back of an envelope; after which he would let the story evolve as he wrote, doing one chapter a day, which took him only about an hour and a half. The 14th day was for reading the manuscript through. On the 15th he answered letters and gave interviews. Then the cycle began again.

In his youth, besides crime and adventure stories, he wrote what he called "novels for secretaries." Later, as well as the Maigrets, he wrote other crime novels, which tended to be darker and therefore more esteemed by the highbrows and indeed by Simenon himself, who called them his "hard" novels. He had distinct literary pretensions, and rather thought he should have received a Nobel Prize. He enjoyed discussing his "art" with people like André Gide.

He so much enjoyed talking and writing about himself that "his self-intoxication," according to Assouline, grew to the point where "he became the worst possible source of information about Georges Simenon, until finally author and readers alike were lost in a hybrid form of autobiographical fiction." These latter outpourings ostensibly reveal, but also obscure, the climactic tragedy of his personal life, when his daughter committed suicide as a result of some obscenity perpetrated by her mother and her quasi-incestuous love for her father.

Simenon and Chandler have both been adopted by highbrow critics who do not normally enjoy mystery novels.

RAYMOND Chandler was an altogether more sympathetic figure. He wrote only seven books, the first when he was fifty years old; and the key personal fact about him was his devotion to his wife. When young he wrote poetry, and Henry James was among the novelists he admired; but he was quite free of intellectual snobbery, and took crime writing seriously.

Although born in America, he grew

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up with his mother's family in Ireland and England, and went to school at Dulwich College in south London. Something in the air of Dulwich at that time must have been remarkable, for it produced, in quick succession, Chandler; P. G. Wodehouse; C. S. Forester, who created Captain Hornblower; and A. E. W. Mason, who wrote *The Four Feathers*. What he learned there was important to Chandler. "A classical education," he said, "helps you from being fooled by pretentiousness, which is what most current fiction is too full of. In this country [America] the mystery writer is looked down on as subliterary merely because he is a mystery writer, rather than for instance a writer of social-significance twaddle. To a classicist—even a very rusty one—such an attitude is merely a parvenu insecurity."

His manners remained conspicuously English and his views sensibly conservative. He didn't like what he knew of Britain's postwar welfare state. "Can't imagine myself voting for socialism now that its nasty bureaucratic soul has been revealed. If you vote Conservative, what do you vote for? You don't, you just vote against."

He arrived in Los Angeles when it was still a country town, and saw it grow up and become a dueling ground for gangsters and corrupt cops. After volunteering for the Canadian army and leading a platoon in battle, he returned to California, made and lost a fortune in the oil business, and then taught himself how to write for the most available market—the pulp magazines. In particular, for that great school of crime writers, *Black Mask*.

He also spent quite an agreeable time as a Hollywood scriptwriter. Unlike so many writers who were unhappy in Hollywood, he had no vocational or aesthetic hang-ups about what he was doing. He didn't want films to be "significant," though he did think the business absurdly run. "If Hollywood makes money out of poor pictures," he said, "it could get more money out of good ones." *The Big Sleep*, as a movie, proved the watershed of his career.

His views on mystery fiction were set out in a famous essay. He shunned the strict detective-story form because he thought the need for a surprise ending inevitably distorted character. His interest, like Alfred Hitchcock's, lay in scenes and dialogue. He studied the street language of Southern California. But, in sharp distinction from authentic *noir* novels, down his mean streets goes a man who is not himself mean. A mystery story, he said, was "a tragedy with a happy ending." Sex scenes he thought boring and obtrusive.

His wife, Cissy, was 17 years older, though he may not have known it when he married her. She remains a curiously enigmatic figure. Their marriage lasted for thirty years. His infidelities were few and insignificant. He nursed her devotedly toward the end; after her death he took to the bottle and effectively broke up. For much of the time they seemed reclusive, just the two of them together.

In place of company, Chandler kept up a wide correspondence, sending elaborate replies not only to his publisher and his agent but even to casual fans. In them he explained his attitudes to life and literature. He didn't much like authors—"they have the egotism of actors and rarely the good looks or charm." Mystery stories, he thought, were the only form of literature being done better than in the past.

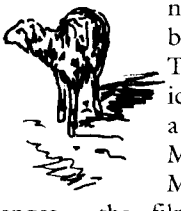
His biographer seems not especially knowledgeable about the mystery genre. If he were, he might have pondered its purpose. The object is not simply, or primarily, or at all, to mirror the harsh realities of crime and punishment. At Chandler's end of the spectrum (as distinct from the puzzle end), it is, in his own phrase, to describe real things magically. This is the achievement both of the Marlowe and of the Maigret stories. What more can be asked of a book? □

FILM

Tough Gobs, Rough Cops

JOHN SIMON

PROBABLY the weirdest leading lady in Hollywood is Demi Moore. Beginning with her nude advanced-pregnancy cover for *Vanity Fair* (I commented that Demi should be upped to Trois-quarts), she has conceived any number of strategies to rattle us. There was the absurdly rewritten *Scarlet Letter*, and the preposterous *Striptease*, where she used her bared body as a passive-aggressive weapon. And now ***G. I. Jane***, in which she plunges into sado-masochistic depths plumbed only by Sadean heroines. Some dreadful ambition gnaws at her innards, hungry for unholy challenges; but instead of becoming a latter-day Duse, she remains merely a doozy.



Jordan O'Neil (note the masculine-sounding name) is a young Navy lieutenant whom an opportunistic woman senator with her own agenda propels into joining the Navy SEALs, an outfit that performs commando raids and other sticky tasks, and whose training is the toughest in the service, if not in the world. The presumption is that even with some concessions made to her, she will wash out. But Jordan insists on equal treatment, and, boy, does she get it from the fanatical Master Chief, played by Viggo Mortensen with a sublime blend of patriotic fervor and flat-out sadism.

Frankly, I can't see the point of a woman submitting herself to this kind of brutality, including imprisonment in Vietnamese-style tiger cages, among assorted other horrors. We are, however, not dealing with a mere woman, but with Demi Moore unleashed. The scene in which, with demonic glee, she shaves her head before a mirror is a nonpareil: Miss Moore could give lessons to Lady Macbeth in unsexing herself. But the film abounds in choice bizarrenesses, many of them involving the Texas senator, Lillian DeHaven, a smoothly manipulative performance from Anne Bancroft. The scenes in which the two female characters play mind games are the movie's best.

Most preposterous, though, is the American sneak attack on Libya, in which the SEALs in general and Jordan in particular disport themselves in Ramboish fashion. Second most preposterous is the exchange of some verses by D. H. Lawrence between the Master Chief and the lieutenant.

All this shows the fine hand of the chief (but not master) scenarist, Da-

Mr. Simon is NR*'s film critic.*

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nielle Alexandra (an unlikely moniker), whom the press kit describes as "the female Tom Clancy," apparently meant as an honorific. If so, Demi Moore should go down in movie history as the female Tom Cruise. It comes as a bit of a surprise that the star actually employed the services of a stunt double.

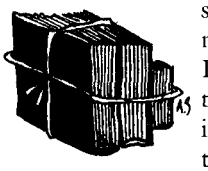
■ What a dreary movie ***Cop Land*** is! James Mangold's firstling, *Heavy*, was worse yet, but garnered enough praise to enable Mangold to make an expensive film with four stars in it—a mightier dud. Still, given the big names, it may prove a moneymaker, which is all the moguls care about; quality is something they wouldn't recognize if they fell over it.

It seems that New York City transit cops, after a hard day's work of deworming the Big Apple, prefer to go home to a peaceful little New Jersey town such as the pseudonymous Garrison. Here, with a little help from the Mafia, they can enjoy the quiet comfort of suburban housing. One evening, though, as one of them, Murray "Superboy" Babitch, is driving home across the bridge, two larking black youths deliberately sideswipe his car. On edge, Babitch gives chase and shoots them dead. Soon, the Garrison garrison is there to help. While Ray Donlan, a relative, spirits him away and gives out that he jumped off the bridge, another cop, Rucker, plants guns on the victims.

Probably the weirdest leading lady in Hollywood is Demi Moore.

The cops are back at their nightly hangout, the Four Aces bar, where civilians are excluded. The moment's fun consists of a fight between Gary "Figgsy" Figgis, a narc who consumes what he confiscates, and Rucker, whom he pins against the wall with a dart he sticks up his nose. Ignoring the ruckus, Freddy Heflin, Garrison's sheriff, despised by the men in blue, concentrates on his pinball game; when he runs out of quarters, he empties a nearby parking meter.

Freddy failed to make it as a New York cop because of deafness in one ear, incurred when he saved a girl, Liz, from drowning inside her car. This is sketchily shown in a flashback that, like so much else here, is as easy to negotiate as the Minoan labyrinth. The decent Freddy continues to love Liz even after she marries Joey, a young cop now cheating on her with Ray Donlan's slatternly wife, Rose. But mild-mannered Freddy doesn't try to capitalize on that. He even swerves into a tree rather than hit a deer, then walks through part of the movie with a wounded nose that may be an *hommage* to Jack Nicholson's mutilated proboscis in *Chinatown*.



When Babitch's body can't be found, Moe Tilden, an Internal Affairs officer investigating the case, tries to enlist Freddy's help. Moe suspects Ray, an old pal and rival from Police Academy days, and though he, too, looks down on overweight, hangdog Freddy, this insider-outsider is his only hope for support. As subplots accumulate, there is, briefly, the case of Freddy's assistant, Cindy, a bright-eyed young policewoman who will eventually quit in disgust. At first uneager to meddle with the men in blue, Freddy, having glimpsed Babitch in Ray's car, nevertheless starts investigating; like Gary Cooper's sheriff in *High Noon*, he turns into the lone justicer taking on an evil world.

Aside from muddy storytelling, there are individually inept scenes, such as the one where the very cops hiding Babitch try to get rid of him by drowning him. He, too, turns into a loner, like Figgsy, who, burning down his own house for the insurance money, accidentally kills his girlfriend. But no one is so alone as Freddy, set off from the rest even by isolating layers of unseemly fat; Sylvester Stallone plays him with the steadily woebegone countenance of a crucified bloodhound. Yearningly he gazes at the Manhattan skyline across the water, a tantalizing El Dorado that keeps eluding him.

The climax of *Cop Land* is as uninspired as it is unbelievable. But the star turns, other than Stallone's, are persuasive, even if they are re-enactments of trademark routines. Robert De Niro (Moe) crinkles the area around his smiling eyes into something as pointillistic as the best of Seurat; Harvey Keitel (Ray) is once again cannily, commandingly corrupt. As Figgis, Ray Liotta is as manic as ever, but this time in a somewhat more sympathetic mode. Michael Rappaport, as Babitch, portrays befuddlement with vast conviction. As Rucker, whose dart-penetrated nose sheds not a drop of blood, Robert Patrick may be the scariest of all.

The women have ancillary roles that are not even thoroughly thought out. There is no perspicuous reason for Joey to cheat on his charming Liz with the fishwifely Rose, and Annabella Sciorra and Cathy Moriarty can coax no more depth out of those ill-written parts than Janeane Garofalo can squeeze out of Cindy, introduced early and promptly dropped until near the end. One thing is clear: Mangold is obsessed with weight; I gather he himself is on the chubby side. Perhaps he should join Weight Watchers and start making movies whose weight is in their artistry rather than their protagonists. □

MANNERS

Let's Make a Deal

RICHARD BROOKHISER

THE shop in the *souk*, or market, of Marrakesh mostly sold artifacts: Berber doors, Tuareg boxes, daggers, rifles with inlaid stocks. But on the wall in the back room hung an unusual rug: dark green, with glowing stripes that looked like news tickers in an unknown system of hieroglyphs. We had seen it the day before, and told the owner we liked it. *Advantage, him.*

An assistant took it off the wall, while he produced a second rug. Since this was not a rug store, we had not gone through the process of looking at fifty, keeping out only five or six, then focusing at last on two. *Advantage, him.*

He offered a price for both rugs—let us call it *x*. My wife offered 45 per cent

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of *x*, and explained that we were buying for friends, who had given us only so much to spend. *Advantage, us.*

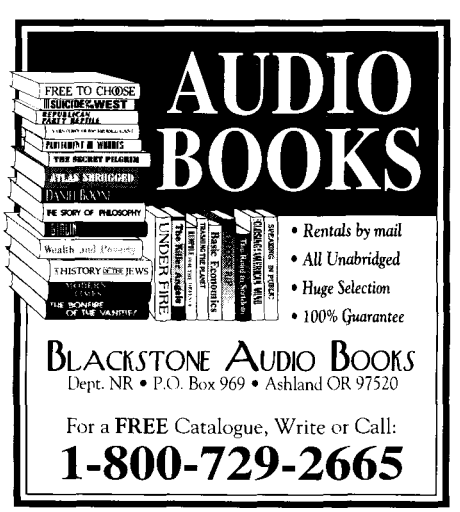
Now we all went to work. He said he did not normally sell rugs, but when his grandfather—he gestured at a photograph of a tough old bird in a fez—saw something "special" in the villages, he would acquire it. We told him we had been to Marrakesh twice before. He said that was why he had given us "real price, not tourist price." We stayed at 45 per cent of *x*.

He offered us sweet mint tea, in old-fashioned stenciled glasses. We said again how fine the green rug was, though it had a small hole. He said he was here for tomorrow, not just today, which was why his prices were so reasonable. He asked, "What is your *real* price?" We stayed at 45 per cent of *x*. He asked me what was *my* price. I said, "My wife speaks for us."

Much more of this went on, as he and his assistant held the rugs up, took them outside in the sunlight, then spread them back down. Finally, on his knees, he turned to my wife. "If you give me [45 per cent of *x*], I will only have enough for little green salad. Please give me enough for meat and vegetables."

"But if I give you enough for meat and vegetables," my wife said, "then I will have only water to drink." He smiled, and we went up to 47.5 per cent, whereupon he offered his hand and produced his credit-card machine.

Had we been taken? Probably, but not as badly as the day before when, after we bought two rugs in another store, the merchant threw in a third one for free. He must have sensed the dismay his generosity had produced, because he said, "At least you have not spent your money at the casino."



Bargaining is fun when it's for rugs. It is less fun when it is also for taxis, tape cassettes, and anything at all. Americans bargain for cars and houses, but how many times in an average life does that happen? Twenty? People who live in a bargaining culture haggle twenty times a day, every day.

Economists call the bargaining situation a bipolar monopoly: for every transaction there is one buyer and one seller. In the free market (many buyers, many sellers) and the traditional monopoly (one seller, many buyers) it is easy to devise models which explain how prices are determined. In a perfect free market, buyers and sellers compare notes, and an equilibrium price results. In the traditional monopoly, the seller decrees. The best that economists can do with the bipolar monopoly is to predict a band within which the final, negotiated price will fall. In other words, theory tells us what we already knew: the price of a rug depends on honey, guile, and staying power.

In a culture of bargaining, everything takes more time, and a fog of falsity blankets life.

In a culture of bargaining, everything takes more time. In a fixed-price culture, the only reason to linger in a store, or on the stock exchange, or online, is that you feel like it. The minimum amount of time for any potential transaction is as long as it takes to find out the price, and compare it with some other price. In bargaining cultures, life moves at a camel's pace.

Fixed prices have a civic dimension, related to the rule of law. Sellers can raise or lower their prices at will, but whatever the price of the moment is, my money will buy as much as the next man's. The mantra of bargainers—"for you, *special* price"—can seem immoral to WASPs and other stern types. When Jean-Antoine Houdon went to Mount Vernon to sculpt his famous statue of George Washington, he supposedly found the expression he wanted when a horse trader offered a bad deal. The Father of his Country frowned, and Houdon knew: *that* was the face that had crossed the Delaware.

Bargaining turns commerce into socializing. That accounts for its occasional delights—chatting, drinking tea, passing the time. It is pseudo-socializing, however, because it is based on lies. White lies, to be sure, which everyone knows are lies, but lies nonetheless. We weren't buying rugs for friends; we paid by credit card, so clearly we weren't limited by what was in our wallets; the hole we saw in the green rug was there, but it was tiny, and it made no difference to us. On the rug seller's side, the story of the "special" pieces from the villages was an obvious fantasy: if we had really been tossing the salad around, he would have produced a hundred rugs, somehow.

Advertising is not strictly true, either, but it usually avoids outright lies by avoiding falsifiable statements. When Calvin Klein says a fragrance will make you sexy—well, maybe it will. Politeness often involves stopping short of the truth—but that is to respect other people's sensibilities. Bargainers lie to jockey for position. They all know it—except possibly the American newcomer—but a fog of falsity blankets life.

The late Luigi Barzini described a similar phenomenon in Italian ritual compliments. When one Neapolitan said, "I am less than your waistcoat button," and the other replied, "The least of my waistcoat buttons is made of diamonds," it is charming, at least the first time. But what happens when Neapolitans want to say something serious? Traditional Italian compliments are rococo emotions. Cultures of bargaining have a rococo civic life.

I don't know why bargaining should pervade the Middle East. It's not a Muslim thing—Jews, Armenians, and Greeks do it too. The only Middle Eastern country I have ever been in where bargaining does not dominate is Turkey, and that is because Kemal Ataturk tried to transform his people in one step into Germans. Now that his legacy is receding, Turkey will probably rejoin the vast regional *souk*.

Before giving fixed-price cultures all the prizes, remember that there are always situations outside the laws of normal exchange. If you are dealing with Communists, or congressmen, a lifetime of dealing with clear signals and honest options may be disabling. Who was a more effective Republican leader—Bob Dole the horse trader, or Newt Gingrich the man of the future? The jury is still out. □

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METHVIN

(Continued from page 50)

blot and Thomas Haggard in their 1983 study, *Union Violence: The Record and the Response*. In the six years 1975–81 they counted 49 deaths, more than $15 million in property damage, more than 3,000 acts of vandalism, 300 arsons, hundreds of injuries and woundings, thousands of shots fired, and innumerable threats and harassment incidents. The record, they concluded, demolishes the "persistent myth that labor violence is an aberrant, rather than a commonplace event."

The National Institute for Labor Relations Research, a subsidiary of the National Right to Work Committee, monitors America's newspapers and broadcasters, and since 1975 has recorded more than 8,500 incidents of union violence. Its files show that 181 Americans have been killed, 445 employees, managers, and business owners beaten or assaulted, and more than 6,000 incidents of vandalism and arson reported. Police have made arrests in more than 20 per cent of reported cases but have won convictions in only 220—less than 3 per cent.

The terror tactics and guerrilla warfare did not win in Detroit. The unions admitted defeat last February and advised their members to go back to work. The newspapers refused to fire strike replacements; they merely take strikers back as openings occur. The strike produced over 5,000 individual reports of strike-related violence, and hundreds of arrests. The newspapers' own security force investigated and where possible identified those guilty of strike-related misconduct; 235 were fired. Some 150 suits for damages are still pending against identified individuals.

On the strike's second anniversary, July 13, 1997, the newspapers had regained about 85 per cent of their pre-strike circulation and 80 per cent of their advertising and they were publishing with 625 fewer people, a 25 per cent reduction. In the mail room, 150 do the jobs left by 300 Teamsters. The prediction of *News* columnist Tom Henderson at the start was fulfilled: "The worst thing the unions could do was let management take over the daily running of the printing plant and find out for themselves how truly overstaffed some of those departments were."

Still, until Congress amends the Hobbs Act, there is little to deter union militants from thinking they can get away with murder. They have done so—literally. Ask the York family in Logan County, West Virginia, Eddie York, 39, father of three youngsters ages 7 to 18, was a backhoe operator who worked for his brother-in-law in a small environmental-cleanup business. They had a contract to clean a sediment pond at the Arch Mineral Company's Ruffner mine, one of the state's largest strip mines. Ruffner's 300 UMW members were on strike as part of a seven-state UMW walkout idling 17,500 miners. But everyone understood that cleaning the runoff pond was not union members' work. So on July 22, 1993, York and a co-worker excavated sludge as usual. At quitting time two security trucks escorted them out. As they passed the UMW picket shack, from the underbrush hooded and masked men in camouflage T-shirts, the official UMW strike uniform, bombarded the little motorcade with rocks. Several shots rang out. Three bullets hit York's truck, and one hit him in the back of the head, killing him instantly.

There was never a homicide prosecution. West Virginia State Police identified eight UMW members who took part in the ambush, including Local 5958 President Ernest Woods. UMW strike conduct rules expressly forbade throwing rocks, wearing masks, carrying firearms, or consuming alcohol on the picket line, and the Ruffner pickets had violated them all. They had consumed several six-packs of beer. Woods admitted packing a .380 caliber pistol, donning a mask, and leading the rock-throwing ambush that resulted in York's death. He also admitted he saw that another striker, Jerry Dale Lowe, had a gun and was drinking beer. The police investigation established that the shots came from the position other pickets said Lowe manned.

A federal grand jury indicted all eight on charges of violating the only statute the U.S. Attorney could hang his hat on: damaging a vehicle used in interstate commerce. Lowe was also charged with using a firearm in a crime. In a plea bargain, the others were allowed to plead guilty to state misdemeanor charges and serve 120-day jail terms in exchange for testifying against Lowe. A federal jury convicted him on all counts, and Judge John Copenhaver gave him the maximum of ten years and eight months in prison.

Five months after affirming Lowe's conviction, the Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals affirmed another conviction under the same federal statute involving a Logan County bombing murder. The three judges cited the Lowe case and declared: "In the absence of prosecution by local and state authorities, one has to ponder whether the felonious killing of another is a criminal offense in Logan County, West Virginia."

Not only did the union refrain from disciplining or reprimanding the seven co-defendants who took part in the attack that resulted in Eddie York's death. Incredibly, the UMW forced the company to arbitration over their firing, and arbitrator Irving N. Tranen compelled the employer to rehire them with full back pay on the procedural ground that they were not given proper notice of intent to discharge. They're back at their jobs.

Sen. Orrin Hatch, one of the few senators who has belonged to a union, has joined with Sen. Strom Thurmond in sponsoring legislation to plug the hole the Supreme Court knocked in the Hobbs Act. Sen. Hatch cites Eddie York's murder as a prime example of "how violence is often threatened and executed as a negotiating tool by some unions . . . countless other American workers have been victims of these reprehensible union tactics. Congress must simply begin taking strike violence more seriously." □

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74 J	75 I	■	76 d	77 C	78 b	79 Y	80 G	81 S	82 c	83 W	84 O	85 Z	■	86 U	87 T	88 a	89 B	90 A	91 H	■	92 L	93 C	94 D	95 G	96 B	97 P	98 S	99 E		
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124 b	■	125 W	126 K	127 D	■	128 M	129 J	130 N	131 F	132 G	133 I	134 a	■	135 B	136 G	137 J	138 N	■	139 L	140 S	141 C	142 I	143 Y	144 N	145 G	■	146 E	147 M		
148 N	149 S	150 W	151 D	152 F	■	153 d	154 Z	155 E	156 T	157 S	■	158 I	159 D	160 H	161 B	■	161 d	163 D	■	164 R	165 F	166 S	167 M	168 d	■	169 I	170 X	171 G		
■	172 E	173 a	174 I	175 Y	■	176 X	177 W	178 L	179 V	■	180 J	181 c	182 H	183 P	184 a	185 d	186 F	■	187 I	188 E	189 J	■	190 X	191 O	192 W	193 D	194 P	195 I		
196 S	197 V	198 c	■	199 G	200 P	201 S	202 B	203 O	204 H	205 I	206 Q	207 N	208 T	209 J	■	210 A	211 W	■	212 J	213 F	214 D	215 U	216 C	217 A	218 P	■	219 P	220 R		
221 Z	222 L	223 Q	224 B	225 G	226 X	227 C	228 O	■	229 P	230 Q	231 V	232 S	233 F	234 B	235 E	236 G	237 R	238 D	239 Y	240 C										

DEFINITIONS

A. Malodorous — 25 11 210 90 217

B. Abandoned by the way (2 words) — 224 96 38 234 135 161 2 202 118 61

C. Bavarian hamlet renowned for its Passion Play — 141 33 66 77 93 8 240 3 227 52 59 216

D. Embassy's black-tie affair — 151 193 214 127 9 94 238 159 163

E. Schooled, well-read — 235 99 155 146 188 172 30 12

F. Tyranny advocated by the "village" crowd (2 words) — 186 165 213 233 152 45 73 4 55 131

G. Britain's architectural *titan* (St. Paul's, Royal Naval College) (2 words) — 199 95 132 80 225 65 24 31 121 236 145 171 18 136 70

H. Up-welling feeling — 204 160 47 91 182 115 23

I. Andy Jackson's Council of State (2 words) — 49 195 133 36 187 75 205 158 174 62 44 169 108 142

J. Hercules' brother — 212 209 74 129 180 137 7 189

K. Federal establishment for medical research (abbrev.) — 51 35 126

L. Running gait — 92 139 178 105 17 222

M. Precarious perch, for mountaineers or invaders — 1 147 54 103 22 128 167

N. His Webb of deceit reached from Rose Law to Rose Garden — 207 148 53 130 144 34 138

O. Great house in Habsburg Hungary — 191 15 84 63 58 27 106 203 228

P. We'll "never, never, never know" why this Clinton crony died (2 words) — 229 200 60 219 28 183 20 194 48 120 114 218 97

Q. Dismiss (especially from power) — 230 223 206 56

R. This Frank got the Middle Kingdom; Ludwig and Charles got Germany and France — 46 220 16 164 42 237

S. Fashionable street in Berlin (3 words) — 232 140 201 14 29 81 98 166 109 69 196 157 40 149

T. Marriage vows — 101 87 110 26 208 19 156 68

U. Labors — 6 122 100 215 86

V. New York Harbor's immigrant island — 197 231 179 50 43

W. Article IV, Section 2, enjoins this duty on governors — 72 41 125 67 113 192 177 150 117 211 83

X. Karel Capek's working machine — 190 170 176 226 5

Y. Slipshod reasoner — 79 37 102 143 119 239 175

Z. Extreme — 32 10 221 154 85 39

a. Larger than life — 88 134 184 173 112 71

b. Tweaked, offended — 89 21 116 124 78 107

c. Lazy, otiose — 104 198 181 82

d. Spouse sported for her youth and beauty (2 words) — 64 13 185 76 111 168 153 162 123 57

Solution to last issue's Trans-O-Gram. TOM PAINE: *The American Crisis*: "What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly: It is dearness only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its good; and it would be strange indeed if so celestial an article as freedom should not be highly rated."

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Princess Di, R I P

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 2

People who get about bump into kings and queens here and there. A problem (in my limited experience) is that the subject royalty is really most interesting on, in brief encounters, is—royalty. If you have five minutes with the king, you are not really interested in his views on the Common Market or even on Star Wars, but you wonder about such things as, How many times in the course of a year does your majesty have to talk about the weather? During my own encounter with Princess Di (at the Reagan White House, with John Travolta), for all her reputation for informality, I took the precaution, in seeking an inanimate subject of common interest, to speak to her about jet lag (she had crossed the Atlantic that day). I gave her my son's prescription. On hearing it she choked up with wonderfully expressive disgust and drifted off, perhaps to talk about the weather.

My friend Bruce, working at the computer, spoke his sorrow over the news. "It's like Cinderella in reverse." The point is nicely made. Cinderella began poor and lonely in shabby dress, was touched by the magic wand, and fell into the royal ball, the prince enchanted by her youth and beauty. At midnight she would flash back to indigence and the torment of her stepmother and stepsisters, but the princely levitation took over, and she lived happily ever after.

In her celebrated interview, Diana spoke of her loneliness in the royal household. She told of her problems with her health, admitted to an act of adultery, and spoke of her passionate desire to regain her privacy and live happily, superintending the education of her two sons. The divorce was quick and, because it had been publicly discounted, noiseless. The only rasp left in the proceedings was the quiet but adamantine word: She would no longer be Her Royal Highness. Indeed, even though she was no longer, as a technical matter, the Princess of Wales, she was able to continue to use that title. She spent much conspicuous time in good civic enterprise, and was inevitably the belle of the balls she attended with some regularity.

Her overnight dalliance with Dodi Fayed was accepted by most as an entirely extemporaneous romantic attraction by a lovelorn ex-princess. Others saw it as a personal act of irreverence—nice blonde princesses don't wander off with dark Muslim tycoons, not since Othello and Desdemona. Still others thought they were seeing strategic commercial planning. The union of Jackie Kennedy and Ari Onassis thirty years ago legitimized what in the public view would once have been thought of as on the order of miscegenation. But let it be, most people seemed to be saying.

The event itself is saturated with mythogenic detail. Was the driver really speeding into an underpass in the heart of Paris at over one hundred miles per hour? Did one or more of the paparazzi—was it possible? —touch off camera flashes that blinded the driver? Was he, at three times the legal alcohol limit, actually out of control? Why was the car speeding so? Had Dodi or the Princess called out to the driver to accelerate and escape the pursuing journalists? Will the bodyguard, when he wakes, shed light on these questions? Tell us what he heard said, saw done?

The Queen, we were reminded, is the final authority in specifying the shape of the funeral service. But within 36 hours we learned that just as the Supreme Court follows the election returns, so the Crown is guided by public opinion. It is known that the Queen loathed Diana (which doesn't challenge the sincerity of her grief and shock), assigning most of the blame for the marriage's break-up to her. There was reciprocal blame assigned—How could anyone young and tender live with someone brought up without that love of family that Charles's austere father deprived him of?

Yet we are reminded that the royal mandate stresses things other than fun living. The new biography of Prince Albert reminds us how successful an arranged marriage can be. The point is reinforced by the flood of books and movies featuring Jane Austen's young ladies and their methodical search for appropriate husbands. Princess Di charmed the whole world, but also reminded us, as the lives of her aunt and her brother-in-law and sister-in-law did, that the marriage bond is frailer even in royal circles than it used to be. It is an ironic masterstroke that the descendant of Henry VIII has been freed of an encumbrance by a midnight accident in an automobile.

How different it would have been if she had been ugly. The marriage, contracted under such circumstances, would probably have lasted, and the grief over a mortal accident would have been formalistic. We grieve the loss of a delicate fairy-tale princess, perhaps the most beautiful woman alive until that terrible moment on Saturday night. □

"Actually, I learned a lot in college, but there are very few jobs out there for expert beer drinkers."

Cyberworld, U.S.A.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 12

It's safe to say, Next time you're in town, drop by—if you live in Ogden, Utah; but my friend lives in Redmond, Washington, which is Bill Gatesville, and it is a very strong magnet for cyber enthusiasts, even for those as ignorant as this visitor was/is. I suppose it is something like acquiring a language early, or music: when we are young, all the learning buds are excitedly there, anxious to take it all in. But they tend to atrophy. To find someone entirely at home with the New Digital World who came upon it in middle age is as unlikely as hearing a concerto played by someone who first noticed the violin when he was fifty. How to prepare for a one-day visit to the home of Microsoft—the General Motors/AT&T/ Edison Electric of our time?

A helpful friend gave me to read *Being Digital*, by Nicholas Negroponte. It is an engrossing volume, snippets of which burr into the memory. If you use a laptop, you will recall gratefully that it does not matter whether the electrical source is 220 volts or 110, you just plug it in. How come? Brace yourself for an airborne explanation. Because the man who first developed the laptop, planning a trip to Europe (220 V), looked down at the technician and said, *Make this thing work whatever the voltage is.* Whiff! Commenting on easy-to-dial instructions by competing telephone manufacturers, Mr. Negroponte writes, "Not only do I not want all those features; I don't want to dial the telephone at all. Why can't telephone designers understand that none of us want to dial telephones? We want to *reach people on the telephone!*" That's good, utilitarian, achievement-oriented American lingo. We do the difficult immediately, the impossible takes a little longer.

On the other hand, Mr. Negroponte suggests that, some time in the future, a pilot who wants to take off and fly to St.

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Louis will need only to sit down in the cockpit and say, "Take me to St. Louis." Looie isn't quite ready to do this now, but you get the idea.

My host's office quarters bombard you with the whole idea of life at Microsoft—utilitarian, egalitarian, multicultural, and nicely genial. All the offices are small and identical. My host is an illustrious editor, trying out as creator of a cyber-journal, and playfully compliant with Headquarters. ("We've moved three times in the 16 months I've been here. My 12-year-old boss just has everything moved, and I just change my address.")

Where is it all headed? My host and I were given two "demos" (demonstrations). The first aims at the uses of the human voice, for instance to permit transcription of it with exactitude. "Mrs. Wright writes wryly about righting wrongs." Try to say that into a microphone and see it come up in accurate screen-talk. The comparative achievements of IBM (those that are publicized) are feeble. But Microsoft's technician makes no forecasts. "We are doing pure research," he answers. Next door is the visual-image researcher, and when he rises or sits down and puts out his hand to the right or left or up or down, the screen reflects his motions. To what end? "We just do research," he says. You lock into the protocols: It is vulgar to ask the engineer working on jet propulsion what use is intended for the fruit of his labors—that's not his business.

It is, of course, the business of Bill Gates and his business-minded associates. They are brilliant also in commercial application. One research associate invited me to dinner in his new house. I remembered, on being taken about, that Louis XIV burned his gardeners' bill rather than admit the cost of it. It wasn't until the second guest came that I learned that my host had "practically" invented word processing. Unbelievers cannot gauge the impact of such a revelation. It is as if one were introduced to the man who invented the typewriter.

I had got through the day without a searing solecism, mostly by saying nothing and relying on the promptings of my host. But now I heard my dinner host say that George Gilder (he is the Terpsichore of the cyberworld) was "terribly concerned about Java."

"Java? Indonesia? What's up?"

I might as well have replied to Einstein, telling me his concern over fission, by remarking that, yes, we all know the salmon aren't running this season. His reference was to the new computer system (Java, as in Pascal) which the learned Mr. Gilder thinks the learned Mr. Gates is paying insufficient attention to. My diplomatic host let the matter rest, we completed the tour of his museum, and during dinner with his jubilant colleague we talked mostly about how to make the best vanilla ice cream (you must begin with the right beans).

I was jet-lagged and sick with a head cold and found myself saying, after the meal's fifth course, "Take me to the hotel" —to which I was instantly delivered. □

What Is Potism?

NEW YORK, AUGUST 26

The capture, conviction, and sentencing of Pol Pot earlier this month brings primarily to mind that "banality of evil" identified after the Eichmann trial in Israel thirty years ago. What was it that finally did Pol Pot in? A sudden recognition of the enormity of his deeds? No, he was apparently brought down by members of his own cadre who were shocked by his execution of one of his aides. Shocked!

Mentions of Pot in the past two months when he first disappeared, then came to view, then was manacled and tried, vary on the matter of how many Cambodians he killed. Some say one million, some two million. Some put the population of Cambodia at five million, some at six. Depending on these variables, he killed as little as 18 per cent of the population or as much as 40 per cent. Whatever figure one chooses, he killed a higher percentage of his countrymen than Hitler or Stalin, theirs.

As far as we know, if at the trial any mentions were made of the genocide, they were incidental. The mind pauses, as it did a year ago over Daniel J. Goldhagen's book, *Hitler's Willing Executioners*, on the killings in Germany under the Third Reich: How many people were involved, and why? The Nazis had a palpable goal, the elimination of the non-Aryan race. The Communists had, if only intermittently, the goal of eliminating the bourgeois and the kulaks. Mostly the Gulag slaughters were idiosyncratically motivated, an expression of the insecurity and malevolence of Stalin and his successors and their dependence on slave labor. The killings at the warfront don't figure in this attempt at moral reckoning—they were simply what happens when Country A goes to war against Country B.

In any case, Mr. Goldhagen's point is worth revisiting, namely that in order to liquidate six million people you have to have a pretty extensive killing machine. There are the people who actually turn the valves to let out the toxic gas. But those, relatively few, stand on the shoulders of the guards who bring in the victims, who in turn stand on the shoulders of the army and police who bring the victims to the slaughterhouses. Mr. Goldhagen's estimate is that 250,000 Germans had to have been employed in the genocide.

The situation is in a sense more dismaying in reflecting on Pol Pot. He had no elaborate crematoria. The killings were as far as we know overwhelmingly the effect of a bullet entering the back of a person's head or, shot from a rifle, his chest. To kill one million people, so to speak without an assembly line at your disposal, is a quite extraordinary enterprise and very much labor-intensive. So we must assume that Pol Pot's executioners were—what, fifty, two hundred thousand?

One wonders then, What motivated the killers? What is Potism, even as we refer to Hitlerism or Stalinism? The easy answer is that they simply did as they were told. But the intimate knowledge we have of the Cultural Revolution, from among others Fox Butterfield of the *New York Times* in his book *China: Alive in the Bitter Sea*, informs us that the killer-orientation having been effected, a bloodlust of sorts tends to take over, as when the crowds in Havana cheered the public execution of Castro's enemies—aping the tricoteuses seated around the guillotine in Paris during the Terror. In China, 16-year-old girls could be got to give testimony that their mother was truly an enemy of the people and should be punished.

The designated enemy of Pol Pot was not counter-revolutionaries or bourgeois. He killed more people than there were bourgeois in his country. Always reclusive, he nevertheless made clear his proscription in 1975: Everyone who knew how to read must be shot. His idea can't be found in Marx, though Marx became his mentor when Pol Pot studied in Paris. It was a kind of nihilism, true-blue Orwellianism, grounded presumably in the suspicion that anyone who could read might learn enough to stand in the way of the Khmer Rouge's designs.

Designs to do what?

Again, there is no answer—to transform society, perhaps a votary might step forward to say. How, and in order to do what? That there is no rational answer to the question substantiates the melancholy point, which is that people do not need a major rationale to become accessories to mass criminal action.

It is here and there heard that Pol Pot is getting off lightly (a life sentence) for what he did. But then everyone is getting off lightly, in our failure to ponder, measure, and fathom what Pol Pot did. Perhaps he is better left alive than killed, if we hope ever to get a lead from the premier killer in history. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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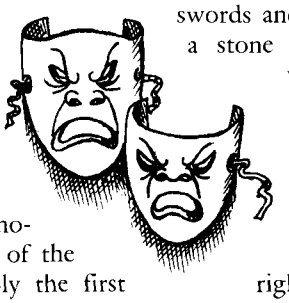
THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER

FLORENCE KING

"A PERCEPTION is a terrible thing to waste" is the motto of the Robert Torricelli College of Liberal Artifice, where students major in time-warping so they can give eyewitness accounts of humanity's long history of bigotry without being constrained by chronological realities.

The Torricelli method does not involve stretching the truth, merely stretching one's mortal coil over eternity and walking across it without a net. The Great Torricelli, who is 46, recently demonstrated his technique when he recalled the pain and humiliation he felt in 1951 when, having just progressed from being a gleam in his father's eye to being a mass of unviable tissue, he watched the Senate hearings on organized crime and heard ethnic slurs against Italians. "It is among the first memories I have of government of the United States, and probably the first hearing of the United States Senate I ever witnessed," he said. "It was only on a flickering television screen, but I will never forget it, and even if I tried, my family would never allow me."



I know the feeling well. I'll never forget that hot August morning in Paris when I went with my Huguenot family to the palace reception. My mother dressed me in my best bib, the one with a ruff, and a diaper with a four-foot train. Young as I was in 1572, I knew that an invitation from Catherine de Medici, who was not only an Italian Queen of France but the mother-in-law of Mary Queen of Scots, meant that the Catholics had accepted us at last.

As we set out for the Louvre we heard church bells throughout the city. "Why are the bells ringing?" my father asked a passer-by. "Today is the feast of St. Bartholomew," he replied. I did not see the sign he made behind our backs, but as later events would prove, I perceived it.

Miss King is the author of The Florence King Reader *and other books.*

The Louvre courtyard was packed with Huguenots. Catherine de Medici must have invited every Huguenot in Paris, and now they were waiting for her to descend—what a landmark day in ecumenism this would be!

The next thing I perceived was only a flicker, but it flickered in our direction—an arrow fired by King Charles IX from a palace window, a signal to the guards to launch the only interfaith prayer breakfast in history that was not boring.

Cries of "Kill the Protestant dogs!" are the first memory I have of Medici government, but I escaped the flashing swords and daggers by squeezing into a stone niche with Indiana Jones, whose words I'll never forget: "They always do this on saints' days. Remember Chicago in 1929?"

Of course I do, I was there. If you don't believe it, check out the right-to-memory clause in the Constitution. It's under Penumbra XIV and it says "Everybody's got a right to whenever." Thanks to this guarantee enjoyed by a free people, the Great Torricelli is not alone in his chronological hell. Bill Clinton remembers black church-burnings in his Arkansas boyhood even though no black churches were burned in Arkansas then. Hillary Clinton claimed that her parents named her after Mt. Everest conqueror Sir Edmund Hillary even though she was born in 1947 and Sir Edmund did not make his climb until 1953, prior to which he was unknown outside his native New Zealand.

Explaining his support for the Employment Nondiscrimination Act of 1996, Ted Kennedy said, "I remember help-wanted signs in stores when I was growing up saying 'No Irish Need Apply.'" Think about that. He was born in 1932. Some cloaked anti-Irish sentiment no doubt still existed, but the signs, relics of the nineteenth century, were long gone from a state that by his day had become an Irish fief.

A related time warp cropped up in the 1975 TV movie *The Legend of Lizzie Borden*. In a shot of Lizzie entering an 1892 Massachusetts store, the camera lingers on a sign reading "Irish Keep Out." The screenwriter obviously wanted viewers to see it and reflect on how terrible life was for the Irish in those days, but anyone with a sense of history is just as likely to reflect on how terrible life would have been for the Yankee plutocracy if the Irish had been barred from stores. There would have been no food on their tables. Irish servants like the Bordens' Bridget Sullivan did the shopping and ran the errands, and like blacks in the segregated South, were welcomed by merchants as long as they had money to spend.

Americans' lack of a sense of history is what makes the time warp such a useful tool for pandering politicians and guilt-ridden liberals. A black congressman announces that slave ships threw so many African captives overboard that "sharks still swim the route," and millions believe it. Demi Moore interprets *The Scarlet Letter* as "Horny Hester Lap Dances in Vegas," and millions accept it.

CHRONOLOGICALLY shattered by our successful pursuit of what television calls "immediacy," we have even developed a mental block against the pluperfect tense; dozens of public figures say "if I would have" instead of "if I had had," and millions don't turn a hair. Mired in our creepy now-ness, our idea of history is Mike Tyson waiting until they found the ear before going on CNN and saying, "I want to put this behind me."

The time warp that incenses me the most concerns the 1916 "affair" between Franklin Roosevelt and Lucy Mercer. That they slept together is now a given, thanks in large part to Elliott Roosevelt, who claimed in his 1974 book that he had seen a motel receipt for one of his father's trysts. This was taken as gospel and recycled by subsequent writers, whose sense of history should have told them that: a) there were no motels in 1916; b) in the era of the gold standard and a larval IRS, men in Roosevelt's world lent each other hotel suites, yachts, and hunting lodges for trysts; and c) Roosevelt was a Victorian gentleman who never would have compromised an unmarried girl of his own class.

I say it was a romance, not an affair. Of course, I don't actually *know* because I didn't live back then, but oh, how I wish I had. □

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